THE NATION

February 14, 1966 . . 35c

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LETTERS

Negro teachers

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The editorial ["The NEA's Panic Button," *The Nation*, Jan. 10], criticizing the National Education Association for its handling of displaced teachers in Southern school districts, made important points. We have felt that the NEA's approach to this problem is not sound. Soliciting a million-dollar fund to help 500 displaced teachers find other jobs is not the answer. Instead, the NEA should have demanded that the number of teaching positions should not be reduced as a result of integrating Negro and white schools. . . .

The AFT, as well as the American Teachers Association, whose members are predominantly Southern Negro teachers, have insisted that any reduction of staff would make the district ineligible to receive federal aid, since such aid can be given only to supplement the level of local effort contemplated for the 1965-66 school year. Any teachers not needed for classroom instruction should be assigned to tutorial, remedial and recreational duties.

We think the editorial erred, however, in implying that experienced teachers should be forced out if they cannot pass the National Teachers Examination. We do not know how many lawyers could pass their bar exams after they have been out of law school a few years. The examination gimmick is designed to give moral sanction to a racist action.

Charles Cogen, President
American Federation of Teachers

After the blackout

New York City

Dear Sirs: "The Big Blackout: Whooping Cranes & Power Failure" by Lawrence J. Hollander [*The Nation*, Jan. 10] was lively and informative. . . . We need now less effort to find the grid failure and more simple solutions as outlined by Hollander. Or is that too simple?

William A. Luna
Consulting Engineer

Hireling wolves

Ojai, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Let me congratulate you on publishing the article in your issue of Jan. 31 by Jack D. Forbes on "The Barbarian Conquest" in Ventura County, where I have lived for over thirty years. . . .

As a civil engineer for the little town of Ojai, I myself can testify to his facts, so pungently presented. In the postwar period we had an influx of "fast-buck" entrepreneurs, "hireling wolves/whose only gospel was their maw," and, lacking building codes or restrictions or zoning ordinances, I was practically powerless to check their activities. Now that has been remedied, but it is only by incessant vigilance that these abuses can be controlled. And the same is true throughout the county, as well as elsewhere in California.

John A. Dron, Sr.

Wages and butter

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: There are many different ways to shift from butter to guns while still preserving the illusion that a Great Society will be built simultaneously with an escalating war. But it is difficult to find a more disingenuous device than the decision of the Johnson Administration to impose a new guideline for wage and price increases.

More exactly, twenty labor leaders have been informed that a new method of computing the productivity figures has been adopted, and thus the expected 3.6 per cent guideline for wage increases in 1966 shall remain at 3.2 per cent. In any collective bargaining situation such a brazen shift of calculating the figures would bring outraged cries and a threat of economic sanctions by organized labor. . . . But under the leadership of George Meany, the AFL-CIO is committed so irrevocably to the Johnson Administration (including a major factor causing this new guidelines policy, namely Vietnam policy) that the protests become a whimper and not a bang. . . .

B. J. Widick

Move to silence

Long Island City, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I believe that the recent appointment of Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, as chairman of the National Endowment of Humanities, is a move to silence discussion of social issues in our colleges and needs publicizing as such. Dr. Keeney has worked for the CIA, as the news stories stated in *The New York Times* at the time he was appointed president of Brown University in 1955.

More recently, the *Times* reported a speech by Dr. Keeney which he made just before his latest appointment, and which warned colleges against taking sides in social causes.

With Dr. Keeney at the head of the National Endowment, established by Congress to provide support for the humanities, independent-minded colleges may be penalized financially. I'd like to see an exposé of all the facts in this case.

B. C. Bingham

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Vietnam at the UN

The belated decision of the United States to bring the Vietnam conflict before the United Nations Security Council did not add the new dimension which Washington had hoped would adorn and prolong the recent American peace offensive. Rather it showed that, except for its closest allies, the United States cannot mobilize support in the UN for its blind policy of "stopping the aggression of Hanoi."

The result might have been different if the diplomatic initiative of the United States had not been offensively coupled with the renewed bombing of North Vietnam. The sincerity of the peace effort, which Washington had been so eager to demonstrate, came thus under increased suspicion, and the UN move appeared as a propaganda exercise to counteract the adverse effects of the resumption of raids on world opinion. Repeated assertions by Ambassador Arthur Goldberg that all U.S. actions had peace as their aim did not help, for it is a truism that every war has some kind of peace as an objective. Neither did his statement that "the United States is not responsible for resuming the bombing. It is Ho Chi Minh who is responsible" (like a naughty child who must be spanked) "for rejecting a plain offer from the United States to continue the suspension if there were a reciprocal response from North Vietnam."

The real tragedy, though, is that the Administration is sincere in its peace moves: it believes its own slogans. Certainly Secretary Rusk is being candid when he repeats day after day that the United States is fighting to assure the South Vietnamese their right of self-determination, their right to be "left alone." When one looks at the map, published on January 30 by *The New York Times*, showing the very small areas —limited to cities and coastal enclaves—actually controlled by the Saigon government, as compared to the vast territory under Vietcong influence or controlled by it, one wonders how the Vietcong could be eliminated, either militarily or politically. And yet Washington refuses to face that fact and to accept the South Vietnamese conflict as a civil war and the Vietcong as a key factor in it—abetted by the North, no doubt, but existing independently of it.

The U.S. move to the UN was not only a propaganda exercise. The Administration is at the crossroads in its Vietnam policy and it would indeed welcome a shift from the battlefield to the conference table. However, it is not willing to pay the price for this shift, i.e., to deal on the basis of existing realities, which are the indispensable foundation of any negotiation to end a war.

The resolution offered by the American delegation to the Security Council followed closely President Johnson's Baltimore speech in calling for "immediate discussions without preconditions among the appropriate interested governments to arrange a conference looking toward the application of the Geneva accords." The Vietcong is ignored as a party to negotiations.

The United States barely got the Security Council to adopt its request for a debate on Vietnam. The new African members in the enlarged Council registered a critical abstention, as did France, while the USSR and Bulgaria voted against the proposed agenda. The U.S. resolution could not possibly be passed by the Council and Ambassador Goldberg was wise in accepting an indefinite postponement for "consultations."

Could these "consultations," under Ambassador Matsui of Japan, open the way to peace in Vietnam? Hope is slim, for they hold no magic key. Ambassador Goldberg has optimistically likened them to the ones he conducted as president of the Security Council and which led to a cease-fire in Kashmir. But in the case of the India-Pakistan conflict, the Council was unanimous and the views of the United States and the USSR happened to coincide.

The rejection in advance by Hanoi (not to mention the position of Peking) of any UN action on Vietnam inhibits whatever move the USSR might be willing to make, in its own interest, toward ending the conflict. A return to Geneva seems to be the paramount objective, but only a basic change in the attitudes of the United States and the Soviet Union could bring some hope of an agreement in the UN chambers on a formula for reconvening the Geneva conference.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Unity?

When, a year ago, President Johnson yielded to the war hawks and ordered the bombing of North Vietnam, the explanation was that it was necessary to do something that could later be undone in order to persuade Hanoi to abandon its aggression. Like almost every American strategic move in Vietnam, this scheme went awry. Instead of hobbling on crutches to the bargaining table, Hanoi grew more recalcitrant than ever. On our side, the bombing became not only a valuable combat training exercise for the air crews but a vested political interest. Since we were bombing, *ipso facto* we had a right to bomb. The subsequent lunar year surcease, coupled with the dispatch of peace salesmen to all corners of the earth, was pictured as an unprecedented act of conciliation. In the inner Administration circles perplexity contended with indignation when Hanoi spurned it. The Presidential Gethsemane was leaked to the press and columnists writhed in empathy. Finally Mr. Johnson made the lonely decision, which had been forecast a week in advance, and the bombing was righteously resumed.

The interruption, it was said, had paid off by demonstrating to the world that in the quest for peace we were prepared to go to any lengths, short of recog-

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nizing the National Liberation Front. However, the pause had another effect that the President did not relish. Those members of Congress who had grave doubts about the whole Administration policy in Asia were encouraged by the lull to voice their misgivings. The *persona non grata* Senator Fulbright, as well as Senators Mansfield, Aiken, Cooper and others, made public their opposition to further bombing, and fifteen Senators wrote the President to ask that he listen to their views before ending the lull. The dominoes were falling and Mr. Johnson acted. He curtly pointed out to the fifteen that they had given him a blank check, so to speak, at the time of the Gulf of Tonkin incident, and if they had forgotten it, he had not.

Nevertheless, while resuming the punishment of Hanoi, he kept the peace offensive going by instructing Ambassador Goldberg to appeal to the Security Council. Thus Hanoi was further damned by its rejection of UN mediation, on top of its iniquitous utilization of the lull in the bombing to repair its bridges and rail sidings. In the New York *Herald Tribune* Roscoe Drummond hailed the result: "Resumption of Bombing Seen Unifying the Country." Such is Mr. Johnson's desire, but the reasoning is of a piece with the theory that bombing the North would pacify Vietnam. It will bring not unity, but the appearance of unity, with disunity festering underneath. Opposition will increasingly be equated with treason. It will take clear heads and stout hearts to continue openly to condemn American policy in Asia, and that variety of courage is never in long supply in any country or under any system of government.

In that respect, democracy is perhaps in no better case than totalitarianism. An incipiently totalitarian version of democracy, based on public relations, is in fact developing in the United States. In *The New York Times* James Reston writes: "Something important has happened in America since Woodrow Wilson went to his grave believing that the President of the United States was paralyzed in the foreign affairs field by the overwhelming power of the Congress and public opinion." Public opinion, and thereby to a considerable extent the Congress, is controlled by the President through the mass media, and so effective is his control that he can contradict himself at will. Reston ticks off an appalling list of items on which Mr. Johnson has ended up by doing what he had vowed publicly not to do, the bombing of North Vietnam being only one instance. Under these conditions unity is a laugh, and not a merry one.

The Plutonium Keg

Joe Alex Morris, Jr., covers the Middle East for the *Los Angeles Times* and other papers from his base at Beirut. His long article in the January 16 *Times*, "Arab D-Day Closer Despite Safeguards," should arouse concern in the State Department and the White House. The fact is that the safeguards may soon exist more in fancy than in fact, and the danger of war in the Middle East is steadily increasing. Moreover, the possibility that such a war might be fought with nuclear weapons cannot be ruled out. Initially, a full-scale nuclear exchange between the U.S. and the USSR seems less likely than an outburst at the Hiroshima level between smaller powers. Where such a "small" conflict, with only a few hundred thousand victims, would eventually lead is of course anyone's guess.

The basic threat in the Middle East is that the Arab countries consider themselves permanently at war with Israel and periodically reiterate their determination to drive the 2 million Israelis "into the sea." And there are 85 million Arabs in the region to make the deed fit the words. The obstacles have been lack of unity among the Arab states, the exceptionally high quality of the Israeli armed forces, the technological backwardness of the Arabs in contrast to Israeli progressiveness (aided by private sources in the United States) and, most important, the presence of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Slowly but surely these safeguards are being eroded. The least affected, for the present, is the fleet but, with a major U.S.-China conflict looming in the Far East, no nation in the Near East, or in Europe for that matter, can be confident that the American shield will be held over it indefinitely. As for the happy circumstance of mutual dislikes among the Arab rulers, unfortunately these are gradually being subordinated to the religious and political hatred of the Arabs for their Semitic brethren. A United Arab Command has been formed and apparently this time it is not merely on paper. At the same time, the arms situation in the area is in a state of flux. The United States and its NATO allies have been supplying both sides (see editorial, "Kuss of Death," January 24) while the Soviet Union has been arms supplier to the Arab states, except for Lebanon and Jordan, which have preferred to rely on the West. But this may change. Schedules for rearming the key states surrounding Israel have been set by the Arab high command, and if Lebanon and Jordan cannot meet the deadlines from their regular sources, they are obligated to contract for Soviet equipment instead.

Of course the Arabs are plagued by the centrifugal tendencies common to all allies, plus some special ones of their own, but they appear to be making progress toward the goal of a coordinated military force of more than half a million, armed and equipped on a par with the Israeli forces. The Israelis can hardly be expected to view this prospect with equanimity. They have denied any intention of making nuclear weapons. Such denials are of course *pro forma*. In the back of every responsible Israeli head there must be the thought that if worst comes to worst, the output of the atomic reactor at Dimona could produce enough plutonium to make a few "small" nuclear weapons a year, and since the ranges are short, these weapons could be delivered quite accurately.

Against this developing insanity, one may set the appeal of Israel's foreign minister, Abba Eban, for Tashkent-type negotiations between his country and the Arab powers "either directly or with the help of

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a major power." He knows, of course, that two major powers would be required—the United States and the Soviet Union. After the success of the Soviet mediation between India and Pakistan nothing can be ruled out, but it is clear that enormous pressures would be required to induce the Arabs to relinquish their avowed intention to complete, so far as lies within their power, the task of extermination that Hitler began. As for collaboration between the U.S. and USSR in the cause of peace, one need only look at Vietnam to realize how remote it is. Here we see once more the infinite capacity for mischief, and the formidable obstacles against a relaxation of tensions, raised by the American insistence on policing the world.

The View from Jakarta

Something ought to be said about our response to the Indonesian crisis—not so much Washington's reaction, which has been quiet and (one hopes) cautious, but the public reaction. For it is another indication of a lack of sophistication about the world that continues to burden us as a nation. For one thing, our press has by and large ignored the massacre which followed the October coup. Some reports indicate that 200,000 may have already died at the hands of Islamic and other groups on a vindictive rampage against Communists in Java, Sumatra, Celebes and elsewhere; no one in Jakarta seems to be able to control this situation, which will leave behind a terrible and long-lasting bitterness in Indonesian society. In the light of this slaughter, simple humanitarian impulses ought to move us to say something more than "things are looking up for the West in Southeast Asia."

Second is our notion of the foreign-policy alternatives other states enjoy. We had assumed, with a touch of hysteria, that Indonesia was going Communist and therefore was necessarily against America; when the country went more or less military and anti-Communist instead, Indonesians should automatically have become pro-America. The present balance of American and Chinese power in Asia lends some truth to that proposition, but it is limited to what Indonesians perceive as being in their own interest and does not preclude a continuing hostility to other aspects of the American presence in Southeast Asia. Sukarno's recent expelling of American reporters who wrote that he was weak can be understood in terms of the power and personal relationships of Jakarta politics. But why has Indonesian opposition to anti-Communist Malaysia not yet publicly abated? And why does the army press—our friends—continue to display anti-imperialism slogans directed against Britain and the United States (as well as China now), to inveigh against foreign bases in Southeast Asia, and to condemn the American effort in Vietnam? Of course the ideological momentum of the last several years will not fade immediately, but still more it may be that army officers and other leaders, despite a shared interest with the United States in containing China, also fear American checks upon Indonesia's freedom of action. They remember American aid to a rebellion against Jakarta in 1958 and quite possibly harbor deep resentment of any white intervention in Southeast Asian affairs. Whatever the exact reasons for the Indonesian failure to fulfill our expectations, it seems that the world is divided in a more complicated way than into two halves; Indonesians have their own peculiar view of international affairs which places Indonesia, not the United States or the USSR or China, at the center of history. We are taking a very long time to understand this elementary point.

Banned from Valhalla

Although it was unseemly of Attorney General Katzenbach to gallop up to the edge of the grave, as it were, waving his spuriously reasoned 7-page opinion, still it was most fitting to have the ashes of Robert G. Thompson refused burial in Arlington Cemetery. Arlington, after all, is the ultimate accolade to the military mind—the Valhalla of the easy answer. If a man does his hitch and afterward avoids a federal prison sentence of more than five years, he is as eligible for burial in Arlington as he would have been if he had died in battle. It does not matter if he flaked off as a soldier, was a black-hearted dead beat and fake as a civilian; he served, and stayed out of prison, and therefore he was a hero. The subtleties of the military mind extend to only two slots: here is the friend, there is the foe.

Thompson's life, on the contrary, was another complex patch on the crazy quilt of modern politics. He believed in the United States; he believed in communism. He fought for the leftists in the Spanish Civil War; he fought for this country, and won a Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest honor that can be awarded a fighter. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he went down under the wave of McCarthyian foam, convicted as a subversive; he tried to dodge prison by jumping bail but he didn't make it. A brave, defiant, blighted life.

It is also fitting that the Congressman most responsible for getting the Attorney General and the Defense Department to keep Thompson's offensive ashes out of Arlington was Charles Bennett of Florida. Bennett's career has been mainly distinguished by his efforts to prevent the federal government from making Ed Ball, caretaker of the Florida DuPont holdings, toe the line (see "Florida's Railroad War" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, March 9, 1964), and by his suggestion to take all the boys out of the job corps and put them to something "useful" in the Army.

Of him it can be said — as Senator Clark recently remarked of Russell Long's views on Vietnam — that his mind paddles along at the level of "grade school questions" and, when it must make a choice, inevitably does so between two primitive alternatives. That a man of this sort could persuade Katzenbach and the Defense Department to go along with him is, if one looks around at what is happening elsewhere in the nation and the world, not really too surprising.

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Strike at St. John's

Why the Professors Picket . . .

Maurice R. Berube

With the rise of mass education, the question emerges of whether the college professor may not best protect his profession through the medium of unions. The current strike at St. John's University in New York City places that question in sharp and controversial focus.

Since the early 1950s, college enrollments have nearly tripled to an estimated 5.5 million for 1965, and the ranks of college teachers have doubled in the same period. Caught in the flood of unprecedented college expansion, the professor often finds himself in the role of hired hand. A widening gulf between teachers and boards of trustees increases his feeling of impotence, and the publish-or-perish doctrine is a symptom that the academician is becoming a cog in a giant educational industry.

Nowhere has all this been more apparent than at St. John's. Its rapid expansion in less than a decade from a small parochial university, owned and managed by the priests of the Congregation of the Mission, the Vincentian fathers, into the largest Catholic university in the United States is a prime example of the burgeoning college establishment. The composition of the faculty shifted in that period from Vincentian teachers to a predominantly lay staff.

The university's structure began to assume striking parallels with a business corporation, with decision making firmly implanted in a managerial administration. For some of St. John's lay teachers the net effect was that of manning classroom assembly lines. Statutes of the university created a board of trustees two-thirds of whom were to be Vincentians. In the academic senate where the professor might expect to have a voice in the determination of professional matters, he was hopelessly outnumbered: only one teacher representative was seated from each of the university's seven schools, as against sixteen members appointed by the university administration. On the departmental level, matters were no better. Departmental chairmen were nominated by the school deans and appointed by the board of trustees. Bernard Malamud's hero of *A New Life*, hoping his colleagues would "elect *him* head of the department," could not have been conceived of at St. John's.

Recent university presidents have approached faculty-administration relations with an air of priestly paternalism. The Very Rev. Father Edward Burke, in an interview with a student reporter, invoked paternalism: the president, as father, is absolutely responsible for the well-being of the family and all authority is in the top administrators of the university."

Father Joseph Cahill, his successor, did not depart radically from this idea of a university. "If you sit down and explain things," he was quoted in the press, "most people will be reasonable."

The result has been a two-year running battle between faculty and administration. The spur has been the United Federation of College Teachers, a local union of the American Federation of Teachers. Although never officially recognized by the university administration, its mere formation produced an immediate reaction. St. John's administrators, having previously ignored a reactivated chapter of the American Association of University Professors, proceeded to meet with the AAUP group. Many of the teachers instrumental in reconstituting the AAUP on campus had also founded the union chapter.

Faculty discontent, once given a means of expression, escalated from a concern with a pension and insurance plan to a desire for greater freedom in the teaching process. Faculty rebellion erupted at a faculty meeting last March. The immediate cause had been the failure to implement a pension and insurance plan promised by President Burke. Dr. Andrew Robinson, AAUP chapter president, distributed copies of the university's budget for 1964-1965 (never before released by the administration), which showed a $2,500,000 surplus. For a staff with the lowest salary scale of the ten largest Catholic universities, this was insult as well as deprivation. Two hundred of the faculty walked out of the meeting.

St. John's troubles were not confined to a disgruntled faculty. Students followed the faculty example two days later with their own demonstration. Their protest centered on a demand for greater flexibility in selection of invited speakers and the recognition of student clubs. Students for a Democratic Society had been denied campus status. Speakers were blue-penciled on the ground of being controversial, a policy that attained absurdity when Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, the television priest watched by millions a decade ago, was found unduly controversial. Commencement speakers have included Russell Kirk, a noted conservative, and Claire Booth Luce, a Goldwater supporter. The Vincentian definition of controversy left much to be desired.

In the spring, the AAUP and the UFCT became uneasy partners in revolt. Four main objectives were proposed: a 25 per cent wage increase to remove the AAUP "D" salary rating from the university; an elected faculty senate; election of departmental chairmen, and studies on reorganization to be adopted by vote of the faculty.

St. John's administration moved in two directions to "explain things" to the faculty. On reorganization, it called in Dr. John Meng, president of Hunter, to aid in directing a self-study in several unit investigations. Its unilaterally appointed "mediator," Rev. Joseph Tinnelly, C.M., was to oversee the study. On teacher compensation, it proposed a token increase in pay, a free major medical plan and a group life insurance plan. This latter offer was rejected by the faculty with a resolution to demand around-the-clock bargaining through the AAUP at its next scheduled meeting with Father Burke. The AAUP never presented the resolution.

A moratorium ensued in the hope that the studies, staffed by faculty-elected representatives to a Faculty Planning Council, would resolve the impasse. Eight committees worked through the summer

Maurice R. Berube is assistant editor of The United Teacher *and formerly editor of* The Labor Leader, *published by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.*

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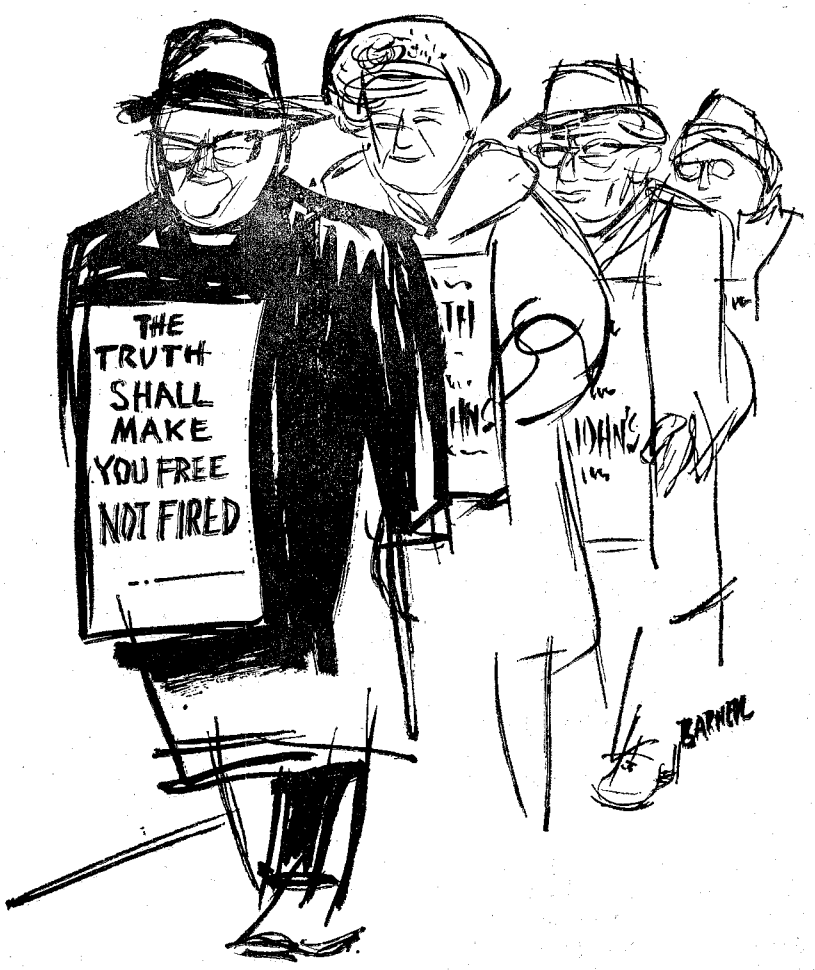
and prepared recommendations on every aspect of the university, from academic freedom to university objectives. In August, the council adjourned indefinitely after interpreting the unilateral appointment of the chairman of the Philosophy Department as a gesture of bad faith. Later attempts to reconvene were thwarted by Father Tinnelly, who claimed that the council had technically dissolved itself and was no longer functioning. Throughout the early fall, the faculty maintained a drumbeat of demands that the university implement some of the council's completed proposals.

In December, the university resorted to radical surgery. Thirty-one teachers were given summary written notice of termination of their faculty status, without benefit of hearings. Four were chairmen of the eight Faculty Planning Council committees, those on academic freedom, university objectives, curriculum and student affairs. Twenty were members of the union and two of these were non-Vincentian priests: Father Peter O'Reilly, a Thomist scholar serving as chairman of the UFCT chapter, and Monsignor John Clancy, a former member of the Vatican Secretariat of State and biographer of Pope Paul. According to the university the thirty-one were dismissed for such "unprofessional conduct" as "unauthorized demonstrations" and a "continuing effort to impugn the credibility of the Vincentian community."

After this amputation, the university revealed part of its plan for reform. This initially included the establishment of a university senate, composed of eighteen administrators and thirty-two representatives from the faculty; at the same time, approval was given in principle to the 1940 AAUP "Statement on Academic Freedom and Tenure," and to a revision of the mechanics of tenure.



The St. John's quarrel has renewed debate on one of the perennial aspects of academic freedom. To what degree can a university fulfill its obligation to free inquiry if it is committed to a religious dogma? The AAUP in its 1940 statement on academic freedom took a defeatist approach to the problem by admitting of religious exceptionalism. The statement endorses unhampered freedom for the professor in the non-religious school, but notes that "limitations of academic freedom because of religious or other aims of the institution should be clearly stated in writing at the time of the appointment."

A recent study by the Danforth Foundation of academic freedom in 817 church-related colleges is less pessimistic. The Danforth study finds free inquiry not inconsistent with a religious orientation. This type of college, the "free Christian college," is free "because it does not control thought, Christian because it has a definite commitment." This is feasible because the free Christian college "stands unapologetically for religion and liberal education, but it relies on example, persuasive presentation of ideas, and a climate of conviction, rather than on conformity, to accomplish its ends."

The stillborn report on academic freedom by the St. John's Faculty Planning Council echoes the optimism of the Danforth Foundation. The committee, chaired by Father O'Reilly, recommended that the teaching of controversial issues be removed from a setting where there is an "assumption that they are settled in advance." The report, based on studies made by the American Civil Liberties Union, states: "Studying a philosophy or a social theory for the purpose of approving or denouncing it is not studying it with an open mind. Such discussion should include presentation of divergent opinions and doctrines, past and present, on a given subject."

St. John's leans to the posture of defender of the faith. "The trustees of St. John's are determined to maintain this university as an institution which is both Catholic and dedicated to academic excellence," Father Cahill announced. Yet the dismissal of twelve members of the Department of Philosophy, including one cleric, and another priest in the Theology Department, casts doubts on the Vincentian commitment to free inquiry.

Perhaps a more pertinent issue is how to insure academic freedom without impinging on the necessary administrative functioning of a university. In the alienation of college teachers from the centers of policy making, a rash of university

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senates have sprouted up, such as the one at the University of Pennsylvania. These governmental bodies often serve as mere buffers between faculties and administrators, functioning primarily as safety valves. Despite the existence of a senate at the University of Pennsylvania, departmental chairmen are still appointed by administrators.

Situations vary with each college, but one main fact emerges: faculty participation in policy is precariously dependent on university administration. At City University in New York City, where departmental chairmen are elected, judgments of the department on tenure, appointment and promotion are nevertheless subject to veto by administrators. Within the scheme of a collective bargaining agreement, where rights are not only given clear definition but are strictly enforceable, the college teacher would possess a viable base outside administrative purview.

The major thrust of the union's efforts at St. John's has been to liberalize the existing framework. There is every reason to believe, nonetheless, that what the university feared most was collective bargaining. This is somewhat difficult to understand in light of the social encyclicals, notably Pope Pius XI's *Quadrigesimo Anno*, exhorting Catholics to join unions. Despite the semantics of the word "worker" in the encyclicals, few would maintain

that it was meant to apply solely to craft and industrial workers.

The issue, then, becomes one of professionalism. Teachers, sensitive to their status, have hesitated to join unions, although many professionals—journalists, musicians, actors and engineers—came by unionism much earlier and more naturally. Teachers, both in the public schools and in the colleges, have seen an incompatibility between professionalism and unionism.

In the past five years, the American Federation of Teachers has gone a long way toward dispelling these notions. Collective bargaining in New York City between Local 2 of the United Federation of Teachers and the Board of Education regularly negotiates on sizes of classes. This is not simply a condition of employment but a matter affecting educational policy. Furthermore, the union and the Board have developed in concert a pilot program to uplift the educational quality of elementary schools in the ghettos. Such an item as classroom discipline has recently been spelled out in a contract between the AFT local in Detroit and that city's Board of Education.

The American Federation of Teachers, parent body of the fledgling UFCT local involved at St. John's, is predominantly composed of public schoolteachers. But its ties with the college are of ancient vintage. One of the AFT's prominent members was John Dewey. A more recent prominent member was the former college professor, Hubert Humphrey.

One effect of the St. John's strike has been to give college unionism a wider audience than it might have hoped to obtain in years. From the deep South, where unions are not traditionally received kindly, has come a strange request. The law school faculty of the University of Mississippi invited the UFCT to send a speaker. The topic: What a union has to offer the college professor.

WELFARE IN AFFLUENCE

THE MIRAGE OF RATIONALISM . . . Reece McGee

It has now been thirty-four years since Franklin Roosevelt took office with a mandate to alleviate the great depression through unprecedented welfare measures, and more than fifty years since an earlier Roosevelt institutionalized liberal programs as a responsibility of the federal government. Under Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, political liberalism with regard to the responsibility of the government for the welfare of the people has remained the guiding philosophy of considerable activity and spending. The present Administration has set in motion programs illuminated by this ideal of a magnitude unknown in previous generations. All this has not occurred without considerable debate. The reactions of the conservative community (ranging from mutters of malediction and dire warning to screams of pure anguish) have been audible for half a century and become entirely predictable. The liberals, for their part, differ considerably among themselves about the content and structure of various programs, but rarely question the assumptions of the ideology that guides them. Under these circumstances, then, and given the fifty-year experience of the consequences, it may be appropriate to ask what, really, *is* the ideology that undergirds our welfare spending? What are its assumptions and bases, what its weaknesses and failures?

It seems fair to characterize the liberal programs of this century's administrations, regardless of party, as "quantitative." From the first Roosevelt's trust-busting and conservation measures to Johnson's "war on poverty," the government has dealt, directly and indirectly, almost exclusively with material

Reece McGee, professor of sociology at Macalester College, St. Paul, is co-author of The Academic Marketplace.

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phenomena, principally money and income. (Such New Deal measures as the Artists' and Writers' Project are not exceptions to this generalization, for they were motivated, as witnessed by the treatment of their products, more by the need to put funds into the hands of a jobless occupational class than by care for artistic creation. Nor was John Kennedy's support of the arts an exception, since it was not defined or carried out in the context of welfare measures.)

Whether programs have taken the form of direct relief, as many did during the depression and many still do, or of the more sophisticated ventures in education, retraining, etc., now under way in VISTA and the poverty program, they are still directed toward the relief of unemployment and want, or toward changing the circumstances of individuals in such a way that those ancient enemies will find some persons or categories of persons less vulnerable. Little attention has been paid to programs which might affect the *quality* of life for our population (although, to be sure, some programs have done so as a side effect) and none has been focused on the basic *structural* assumptions of our society which produced the problematic conditions in the first place. We have dealt with the poor and the jobless as individuals or, at furthest remove, with conditions promoting unemployment or poverty in specific industries or geographic areas, and rarely with the underlying and persisting structure responsible for them. (The Civil Rights Act, by exception, is an example of such structural programs. It is interesting, however, that the provisions in it which might bring about radical change, like their parallels in the Constitution, have remained largely unenforced.)

It seems inevitable that this should be so. The quantitative character of government-sponsored welfare programs, and their necessarily individual focus, are both probably inherent in a democratically governed materialistic society with its great susceptibility to pressure brokering (which makes fundamental restructuring of the social order a practical impossibility). Too, no reasonable way has yet been invented to direct and "program" qualitative measures centrally. Thus it is possible to provide income for artists and poets, to distribute their works, or to beautify the nation's highways (although it is proving difficult to get the latter done), but there seems no way in which a program of the American Government can either seriously promote qualitatively superior activities or educate the population to them.

A more fundamental reason for the character of this century's political liberalism seems to lie in the philosophy and assumptions upon which it built. For liberalism as we know it today is a direct outgrowth of Enlightenment rationalism and, as its heir, has inherited both its strengths and weaknesses. The strengths are sufficiently well known that they need only be recited here: a concern for individuals and the conviction of their worth, the idea that government is the creation and property of the governed, the faith that man is, if not inherently good, at least not evil. The great documents of the American people are firmly rooted in these traditions, and the vitality, stability and duration of our political process, built upon them, is testimony to their power.

The weaknesses and perhaps downright errors of Enlightenment rationalism are less apparent; it may have taken the 20th century to make us begin to apprehend them. Fundamental is the article of faith that men really are reasonable or, stated another way, that the truth or the right need only be made known and men will follow it. Insights unchallenged in the works of Marx and Freud call this into question. (From Marx, that knowledge can be put into the service of ignorance and slavery; from Freud, that reason unaided may be unable to penetrate the final recesses of the human mind from which flow some, at least, of the springs of conduct.) And recent advances in science and its philosophy (notably, the work of Einstein and Heisenberg) raise doubts as to the absolute nature and stability of "truth" itself. It may still be that the truth *could* make men free, but that we can and will know it and, knowing, act upon it, remains an assumption.

With specific regard to welfare programs and the rationalism which seems to enliven and direct them, a corollary of the basic Enlightenment posture is that it is good to alleviate want and that the absence of want, *in itself*, creates satisfaction. The "good life" and the "good society" are essentially quantitative. (It can, of course, be argued that nothing in rationalism *necessarily* leads to this conclusion, and that is probably so. That it *has* led to it in the United States, however, and —following us—in much of the rest of the world, and that it has been the animating principle of our welfare posture, seems unarguable.) And the evidence of this century in particular seems not only unable to support that assumption or hypothesis but flatly to contradict it.

None of the above is meant to denigrate the successes and accomplishments of quantitative liberalism. Its monuments are all about us. Through the liberal and liberating programs of past administrations we have gone a long way toward alleviating or even eradicating physical want in large segments of our population formerly subject to it. Free public education has enabled "the masses" of our society to overcome handicaps of birth and to attain, and in some respects enjoy, a material standard of life unknown in the world previously and unequaled by similar classes anywhere else, even today. The diseases which have most often been the scourges of man in other times and places *have* been, if not entirely banished, at least held at bay, and it is probably not soft-headed to predict that, barring catastrophe, man's oldest enemy, hunger, will never again prowl our streets. In the light of human history these accomplishments are nothing to take for granted. They may, in fact, be our greatest triumphs, for no other society has ever attained them. They are, without apology, the glory of our national liberalism, and cannot by any means be explained as mere accidents of history and natural resources, for many societies have been fortunately endowed but have failed even to attempt such accomplishments through lack of the guiding altruistic ideology which defines them.

But as these unquestioned "goods" are the products of Enlightenment rationalism, so are its failures, for they, too, spring from its definitions of man and his place in the world. The root problem of Enlightenment rationalism, surprisingly enough, is precisely its emphasis on the individual and its consequent doctrines of individualism and individualistic enterprise. These, especially when combined with laissez-faire economic theory

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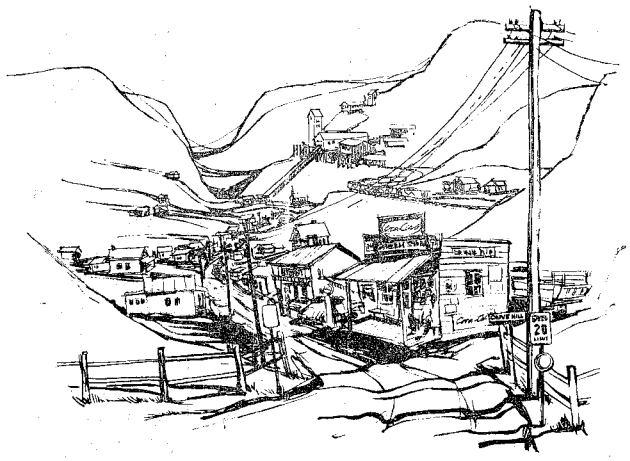

and its rationalizations in Protestantism, have produced an ideology that is, despite its material successes, both inhuman and dehumanizing. This is the credo that man is motivated by self-interest (for how else should *individuals*, these special, separate *personae*, be accounted for?) and is measured by his accumulation of wealth. These, the roots of materialism, are just as much products of rationalism as are democratic politics. That they may also be necessary ideologies for capitalization and industrialization, as Weber pointed out, may well be true; but although he described some facets of puritan character which he associated with "the spirit of capitalism," he could have had no foresight of the situation that confronts us. Individual self-interest has probably been the "motive force" of Western societies for the past two centuries, the ideology or frame of reference which defined them and kept their members going. But we have celebrated its successes overmuch and, therefore, overlooked its failures and disintegrative consequences, some of which are only now beginning to be apparent as the United States becomes the first society to offer fulfillment of the ideology to all.

The dilemma is simply this: individualism, self-interest, and judgment of the worth of men according to their accumulation of wealth act as motive forces for a society only so long as most of its members cannot attain that wealth. Once an affluent economy has been created, one in which most people do share in the prosperity and abundance, such criteria no longer provide goals and satisfactions and, in addition, create discontents which cannot be materially alleviated because they are products of materialism in the first place.

(It should be noted that, in these matters at least, there seem to be few essential differences between the economic systems of the United States and the Soviet Union. *The Economist* has called them, perceptively, rival systems for the provision of material plenty. It is not surprising, then, that some familiar American problems are beginning to haunt the Russians: juvenile delinquency, worker absenteeism, alcoholism and hedonism. It would even be possible to say with some validity, if one were inclined to be particularly critical of the American experience, that Marxism has some moral superiority over "free-enterprise capitalism" as we practice it. For basic to Marxist notions about the necessity for collective ownership of property is the judgment that greed is a social force so dangerous that it demands rigid control. In the United States "free enterprise," at least as interpreted by Ayn Rand and some recent Republican candidates for election, would seem to exalt greed as a character trait good and essential to the social order.)

If, as has been suggested, individualistic materialism cannot satisfy in an affluent society, and may even bring its own internally created discontents, evidences of this state of affairs should surely manifest themselves in the United States, which is highly individualistic in its culture, and affluent to a degree unknown to history. And the evidence among us of social and psychological discontent is widespread.

Socially, there is revolutionary discontent among one-tenth of our population—the Negroes, who have had to take to the streets in massive civil disobedience in order to jog the government and the rest of us into even an awareness that there is something amiss with their condition and our responsibility for it. And there is massive lethargy or resistance to doing anything about it among large numbers of the rest of the population. In another sector of American life the reactionary radicals—again a minority, but an influential one—seem alienated from the century in which they live and view many aspects of their society with hatred and paranoid suspicion.

Psychologically, there is evidence of massive failure of health and stability. The mental health associations speak of one hospital bed in eight being filled by a mental patient. Even if this figure is only approximately accurate, it is incredible, for if one bed in eight is occupied by a person mentally ill, what must be the proportion of our population that is deranged but unhospitalized? (For behavior must be considerably aberrant before the sufferer is committed.) Drug addiction is an increasing problem in many of our large cities and has reached epidemic proportions in neighborhoods of some of them. Alcoholism blights the lives of an unknown number of our citizens; responsible estimates reach into the millions. Suicide terminates over 19,000 lives annually and is a leading cause of death among the young. When their conditions of life cause such staggering proportions of a society to flee them through mental illness, drugs, drink or suicide, it does not seem amiss to view those phenomena as evidences of massive discontent.

Thus despite thirty (or fifty) years of federal programs for the alleviation of want and need, and the quite real abundance in which, as partial consequence, the vast majority of Americans live, there remains in the land a large degree of serious unrest. (In this respect, at least, Senator Goldwater's political strategy was correct; he sensed the discontent and focused his campaign upon it. But he never really understood it, since his own philosophy was an expression of the very forces producing it, and he missed his mark more broadly than any previous contender for the Presidency. It is interesting that John F. Kennedy, who also campaigned on the notion that "something was wrong" with the society, won. Note, however, that his remedy called for self-sacrifice rather than self-interest.)

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The explanation for social maladjustment in an affluent society is simple: material goods, of themselves, are incapable of creating human satisfaction. Man, as any social scientist or practical politician knows, is a symbolic animal, the only member of the animal kingdom that is. The present relevance of this fact is that men do not experience reality directly, as other animals do, but rather as mediated and interpreted by the symbol systems which make them *men* instead of unspecialized apes. In a materialistic society, value is placed on things, and satisfaction comes from having acquired them in symbolically specified quantities and conditions.

Men thus come to appraise themselves against symbolic yardsticks which measure whether they have been "successful" in obtaining socially defined qualities and quantities of goods; their self-appraisals become a function of possessions. But there is a double jeopardy in this. In the first place "moth and rust . . . corrupt" material goods, and "planned obsolescence" degrades our appraisal of them, so that, for example, the ego satisfaction derivable from possession of a new car lasts only as long as it is "new," and the annual Detroit marathon insures that the period will not be extended. Second, and far more destructive, making objects the measure of our satisfaction gives into the hands of those who order the supply of them, or dictate the evaluation to be placed upon them, control over our self-esteem. We become not our own masters but hostages to the appraisals of others.

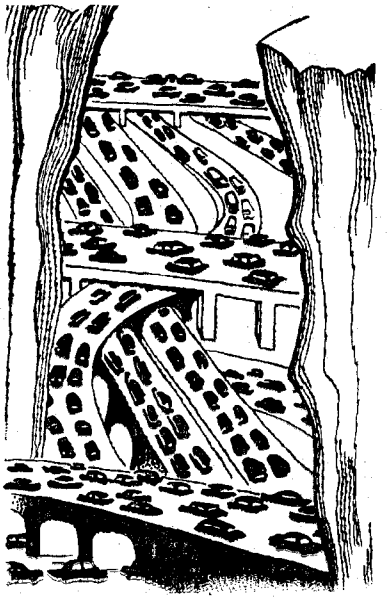
Most important and most destructive of all, however, are the theological consequences of materialism. Paul Tillich has defined God as "ground of being," that is, that which is most important to us, that value for which, in the end, we would sacrifice all others. In this sense—and the most irreligious among us will have to agree, I think, that it makes sense—all men have gods. And in a materialistic society, things are god. It should be unnecessary (in the pages of *this* journal) to reiterate the domination of American political and social life by the commercial community and commercial values. ("Why is it," a visiting Scots professor remarked to me rather wistfully last year, "that in your country money always wins?" The perpetually lost battle of the conservationists to which he was referring is only one of a thousand cases in point.) But if we worship *things*, and the things are symbols of ourselves (and we do and they are), then we are worshiping ourselves . . . only no one really can be his own god, for we know him, then, too well.

The very abundance of material goods in which the vast majority of Americans now live (judged by the standards of the rest of the world), and the political forms through which that abundance has been shared by most strata of our society (for who can deny that our years of liberalism have "spread the wealth"?) have created problems for us. The more obvious one of these is simply that, with the material necessities provided nearly everyone, and a fair portion of luxury common to many, the qualitative needs of life are rising to attention as never before. Our bodies pampered and our physical appetites sated either directly or vicariously, our physical security relatively assured and the future bright, the tawdry, blighted and despoiled in American life are everywhere becoming more notable and more serious to us. But the awareness has come too late, it seems, for if our ears are no longer assailed by the din of hideous shops or slums, so that we have learned the values of quiet, they are now assaulted from supermarket to dentist's chair with Muzak or the ubiquitous transistor. And if we now have great highways flinging their spans across the continent—and sometimes not unaesthetically—our cities also pay the price for them in smog and traffic jams. (A news item recently reported that on one weekend in Los Angeles a mere two accidents had involved a total of 150 cars on smog-shrouded freeways. The end in *that* direction would seem to be in view.) Further listing of our failure to attend the qualitative needs in life could no better illustrate the problems both of their absence and of the way in which our quantitative bent has made it difficult if not impossible to serve them.

A second problem is closely involved with the forms in which liberal programs of government have been staged. While it is certainly true that as a result of such programs wealth has been more widely distributed in our society than at any time in the past, the same programs have also created pockets of poverty among us which are appalling, whether measured by absolute or philosophical standards. These are populated by what one writer has called "the communities of those left behind" by the thrust of the society and government aid. Among them are such familiar problem populations as the aged, the illiterate or unschooled, the Negro and those with obsolescent skills. And to this painfully familiar list, I would add another paradoxically unfamiliar: many of the members or supporters of the radical Right, whom the society has also "left behind," but in a new, strange way. For in the case of the first group, the "motive force" of our society and our programs for its enrichment have failed to deliver, and in the second, it may be argued, it has delivered all too well. Both are, in effect, the creation of materialism with its consequent worship of things.

Those among the materially poverty-stricken have been left behind in the grab for things. The relative deprivation of this population—surrounded by a society of sparkling abundance and overwhelmed by its demands that all must *have*—can be nothing short of frightful in its pain and frustration. (For if one must have cars, and television, and boats, and beautiful clothes and handsome companions to be successful and satisfied, what can one think of oneself if one must struggle to eat?)

The other population, that of our frustrated, flaming radicals of the



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Right, is more difficult to understand until its social origins are analyzed. For surprisingly enough, material success is well represented among them. It would be interesting, although perhaps impractical, to compute the median income of members of the John Birch Society. Certainly its many corporate supporters can make no plea of poverty, and its representation among physicians (one of our highest income occupational groups) is, in some sections of the country, at least, very high, if not overwhelming. But the radicals are, apparently, generally *new* to wealth, and seem to come, themselves or in a generation, from more humble origins. A subgroup comes from an older population that has recently fallen on evil days.

For those new to money, the Horatio Alger myth is real: when one has money and things, one is "successful" and therefore by definition, satisfied. But since it has not proved to be so (and cannot, for reasons inherent in materialism already discussed), and since these bewildered persons cannot question their ethic (it is their *selves*), there must be something fearfully wrong, out there, in the world. The application of the argument to groups that have lost status as society changed—old Anglo-Saxons, for example—is obvious: must not something also be fearfully wrong with a world where one has arrived and yet, somehow, loses anyway? Thus, because of our very abundance, and because of the relativity of our standards of self-assessment, those without luxuries, even if they eat good bread and send their children to high school, may feel bitterly deprived by a society where they have been encouraged to want cake and college, and to judge themselves by their acquisition. And those who have eaten cake may feel equally betrayed, because they have won the prize and it has proved unsatisfying.

It is my suggestion, to summarize the argument to this point, that there is, indeed, "something wrong" with the state of our society, although John Kennedy did not define it, and it is not what Barry Goldwater described. What is wrong is a great malaise of spirit induced, essentially, by rationalism and individualism which, when coupled with materialism, have led us to the conception of a man-centered (and hence, self-centered) universe in which to seek our fates. In the United States, these notions have been ratified and exacerbated, especially for the lower-middle classes, now everywhere coming to power and position, by traditional Protestantism and what Weber called "The Protestant Ethic," and they have left us with an outlook and a self-conception both weak and bleak. And however liberal and well intentioned the programs mounted by the government may be, and however well they may alleviate conditions of material want, even among those now members of the communities of the left-behind, they will not resolve our dilemma. They are incapable of dealing with the spirit and the self-conception of man and thus are our undoing. Men need gods greater than themselves to live by; one need not be a theologian or a believer to comprehend this. Our human history teaches it, and if it did not, we have the witness of our present condition and our frantic rush to escape it.

Part of that condition and that rush is clearly visible throughout the 20th century, with its search for "causes" larger than themselves to which millions have given, and are giving, themselves. Archetypal among these was Nazism, as clear a call to death as any ever sounded, singing paeans of death, and dealing it wholesale: to its own adherents as well as to others, *and with no other promise from the beginning.* (For long before Churchill offered to his grateful people the bitter bread of blood and sweat and tears, Hitler had proffered the sweetmeat of killing and death for the Fatherland. It is relevant and sinister that the same self-destructive fervor is today visible in the preventive-war enthusiasts of the far Right, who would rather that all of us be dead than any of us Red.)

In the United States, where we have thus far managed to escape the consuming ravage of 20th-century war, the philosophical and behavioral responses are beginning to appear, and are almost equally appalling. For *our* response (still in its first, tentative, faltering steps) is nihilism and anarchy. And, knowing the roots of the malaise, the response seems obvious. Nihilism—in the form of material destruction—is an old reaction of the dispossessed. It does not seem accidental in Rochester and in Watts, where the Negro protest inflamed the ghettos into mob action, that the thrust of collective reflex was against property. In so utterly materialistic a society, "Burn, Baby, Burn," is more than a mob password; it is a nihilistic call to death. (For in such a society, remember, *things* are self.)

Equally, anarchy is a response to a material ethic on the part of a new rich class whose ideology has consisted in getting the material prizes their society has offered them, but which has found them totally unsatisfying. For if the order to which they have given themselves and which has given them the only meaning they have ever found, has provided no resource of *spirit* to uphold them, then they have been betrayed, and that order must be brought down. The radicals of the Right are bitter critics of our society, but even their intellectuals have been notably silent on constructive suggestions for replacing the social structures they so despise. It is probably not accidental either that much of their political activity consists of spoiling engagements which they cannot win, and which can have no other consequence than destruction of their natural political allies, the traditional Republicans.

This, then, is our dilemma: we are an individualistic society in an age when the interdependence created by our complicated social structures has made individualism obsolete. We are a materialistic society at a time when the very success we have enjoyed in the production and distribution of material goods has made them useless as providers of satisfaction. We are a liberal society in a condition where the attempt to alleviate some wants (certainly morally valid in itself) will only inflame others. And we are left, at the end, with nothing larger than ourselves.

There is nothing really new in this recognition. At least three major philosophies or ideologies exist to which appeal has been made, with varying degrees of awareness of the problem, for the resolution of the dilemma. One of these, rampant in the world but with little real foothold in the United States, is leftist radicalism. There have been occasional radical experiments in our history and there are some buglings of it now, but the historic examples have tended to be of short duration and have failed, as have the contemporary modes, to catch

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the imagination of the American people. To explore the reasons for this failure is not within the scope of this discussion, but certainly one of them must be that radicalism has failed because it is, at least in part, a creation of the very ideology it attacks.

A second remedy, whether apparent or real, is far more ancient than any contemporary political or economic radicalism. This could be called the "medieval" response of Christian theology (using the term "medieval" in its historic rather than its pejorative sense). More than most radical solutions with which I am familiar, the answer of the Christian Church *does work*—at least for the relatively few church members in the United States who are *behavioral* Christians. There is, I think, incontrovertible evidence that those who have understood the Church's message of crucifixion and resurrection have been enabled thereby to overcome the siren call of death and to live stable and joyful lives. But for most of us (and I include a large proportion of American churchgoers and, indeed, much of the Church itself), God has been dead for at least 200 years. The Church, seduced by its surrounding culture, has tended to adopt that culture's values, and all too often continued to preach not He Who Is but an Old Testament Man in the Sky in whom no thinking person can possibly believe. A reformation in the Church has clearly begun and is making remarkable headway at a speed which few, twenty years ago, would have believed possible. Despite this glimmer of hope, however, it is probably too late to win the race with chaos. Most of the world is not Christian and is not going to be, and is plunging headlong into the very materialism which seems to be condemning us. Much of it, further, seems to be politically and socially irresponsible, and either has or soon will have ultimate destructiveness at hand. The medieval remedy does not seem to provide a practicable answer; it has managed, barely, to keep the Church alive since the Reformation, but it appears unlikely to generate sufficient appeal to make itself the avenue of our salvation now.

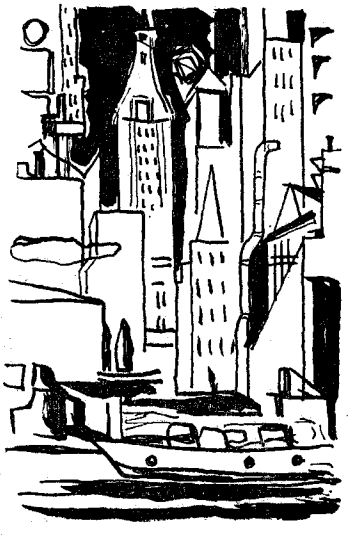
A remedy which to many minds has probably appeared both more contemporary and more "American" is the possibilities inherent in simple diversity. The toleration, or genuine encouragement, of diversity in ideas and behavior has the decided advantage of being attuned to our political and social system. It does, to the degree that it can overcome demands for conformity, make possible behavioral alternatives. Another positive feature is the fact that diversity in ideas and behavior can be "programed" by centralized control, so that if the government chose to do so, it could actually encourage and increase it.

Unfortunately, the notion that the encouragement of diversity per se offers a way out of the dilemma in which we find ourselves smacks too much of Enlightenment rationalism to offer much hope for the future. We are not a people noted for great tolerance of nonconformity, and much of the thrust of recent administrative activity seems to have been in the other direction. Neither is there evidence to indicate that even if diverse alternatives are logically possible, nations or people will necessarily adopt them. Cultures are notoriously resistant to planned change and, while it is certainly true that a society such as ours will produce people and ideas to counter the cultural mainstream, by the very token that the dilemma I have described *is* our cultural mainstream, diversity per se seems unikely to offer an effective resolution.

It is possible, in other words, for persons to arise and survive here who do not share the common values of our culture. It is even possible for them to transmit their ideas to others. The current reformation in our churches is a case in point. But the weight of the culture appears overwhelming and the time we have remaining to us may well be running out. There is no real support in the United States for a re-evaluation of human worth; the idea of man as a market commodity is firmly fixed and does not appear capable of being changed simply by the existence in the society of contrary ideas. Such concepts have, after all, existed in what we (revealingly) call our "market place" of ideas for a long time.

This remedy, or purported remedy, nonetheless, does offer the only resolution for the dilemma in which it appears reasonable to place hope. If it may be stated in simple form, the dilemma appears to be that the materialistic nature of our society has encouraged us in selfishness and removed the bases of self-evaluation from our own hands, thus making us hostages to fortune. But the individualism of American life *has* permitted to spring up within our society in recent years three phenomena which run counter to that trend and which have captured the imagination of the American people and, indeed, the attention of the world. These are the Peace Corps, the civil rights movement, and more recent student revolts against the bureaucratization and meaninglessness of much higher education. All three have the common denominator of selflessness, are devoted to nonmaterial ends (and, to some degree, are even anti-materialistic), and have offered their participants the opportunity to judge themselves according to transcendent standards. Their results have been, within realistic limitations, little short of remarkable in each case—often most particularly for the participants if not always for the objects of their action.

We can conclude from these experiences that nonmaterial motivations are not only still possible in American life but are sought for and welcomed by fairly large segments of our people, and that the



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rewards which some have demonstrably discovered in such action have been adjudged worth suffering for. And the contrast of the enthusiastic acceptance on many levels of these behaviors, with the sullen toleration of our problem in Vietnam, should also be instructive: it is not too late. What the public reaction to the Asian situation shows is not that Americans are unwilling to suffer, even for goals not entirely clear, but that they are unwilling to suffer for goals not clearly seen as noble. The political scientist might conclude from this that the public has not yet attained political maturity, and it may be so. But the philosopher might speculate that the best of rationalism and its liberal political consequences are yet with us. The horns of the dilemma on which we are impaled may not be entirely paradoxical after all.

Corps of Engineers

THE PORK-BARREL SOLDIERS

Robert G. Sherrill

Three brave and perhaps quixotic Senators will attempt in this session of Congress to disrupt the oldest established permanent floating boondoggle in American politics —that carried on between a number of their fellow legislators and the Army Corps of Engineers. Senators Frank Moss of Utah, Lee Metcalf of Montana and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania will push a bill that would turn the Department of the Interior into a Department of Natural Resources, with the new cabinet office absorbing several scattered agencies and bureaus including the civil engineering dictatorship of the Corps.

Just another bill in a bill-laden Congress would have no significance, but this one is said to enjoy the support of Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, a man who is not unwelcome around the White House; and the rearrangement would be in keeping with the President's apparent desire to regroup cabinet responsibilities.

This isn't the first time a Department of Natural Resources has been proposed, nor is it the first time an effort has been made to cut the mighty Corps down to proper size. The Hoover Commission tried to do it thirteen years ago but, after scaring the pants off the Corps and its allies, it ultimately lost. Moss and colleagues may lose, too, but they've already got a good scare going. Braxton B. Carr, president of the American Waterways Operators, the largest and most influential organization of tugboat, towboat and barge owners, recently sent out an agony memo to his 225 member companies warning that "the future of navigation in the United States will be dim indeed if the Corps of Engineers loses its responsibility for civil works to a catchall Department of Natural Resources." Carr reported that while Udall would be working behind the scenes to shackle the Corps, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara is not expected to help the engineers, with the result that "the Corps' hands will be effectively tied." He urged members to "get into the fight."

If, as Carr predicts, the Corps' hands are tied, it will be the first time. When this recommendation was previously before Congress, ex-President Hoover complained that the corridors of the Capitol were thick with engineering generals and colonels, lobbying like mad against the proposal.

Moss has carefully couched his appeal for reorganization in the phrases of efficiency, and there is certainly that to consider. Responsibility for the development of water resources is presently scattered among at least forty bureaus, departments and agencies of the government. Four cabinet offices share control at the top. Within the Interior Department alone, ten agencies meddle with the water. Federal land management is almost as splintered, and there is no unity of power development. Moss would also gather such control groups as the Forest Service (now in the Department of Agriculture), the Federal Power Commission and the Tennessee Valley Authority into the new department. They are not expected to go willingly.

The real fight will develop over the jurisdiction of the Corps of Engineers. Why should that venerable fraternity of specialists — which West Point was specifically established to perpetuate—be deprived of its civil functions? Because, some say, it has in recent decades become merely a political arm of Congress. One Texas Congressman, complaining about the public's suspicious nature, said recently: "You never heard of an Army Engineer program yet that has not been criticized as pork barrel." If the Department of Interior has not been entirely free of favoritism and the taint of pork, its reputation is still better in that regard than the Corps'.

The boondoggle routine is perfectly balanced. The Corps justifies the projects, and Congress appropriates the money. On the one hand the Corps gets bigger and more influential — two conditions dearly prized by generals — and on the other hand public-works money is doled out to civilian contractors "back home" with Congress getting credit for spreading the happiness. And the largess is booming. During its 150-year life the Corps-Congress cornucopia has put, or is now putting, $22 billion into the contractors' pockets; another $35 billion is programed for the next fifteen years.

Everyone gets fatter all the time, and with no fuss and usually little debate. No special hearing was held in the Senate, for example, on the St. John River hydroelectric project in Maine, although it is expected to cost at least $300 million. Most of the nation's greatly needed flood-control dams have been built by the Corps and most of the navigable streams and harbors have been shaped and improved by the Corps. It has 222 flood-control dams, 603 local-protection levees, and 19,000 miles of improved inland waterways to its credit, and many of these are worth while. But others are merely worth boodle, and now that the Corps appears to be running out of ready sites for dams and dredgings, it seeks desperately to maintain its powerful position with Congress by sponsoring some

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projects that verge on the scatterbrained.

It has pushed through dam projects on the west fork of a river when it was the east fork that presented the flood problem. It has scooped out harbors to give better access for tankers carrying fuel to utility plants that are converting to natural gas. It has proposed recreational reservoirs on rivers too polluted to support fish life. It has built dams to protect less farm acreage than is flooded by the resulting reservoir.

Fearing that some day it may run out of projects, the Corps authorizes far more than it can handle. Some untouched backlog projects are fifteen years old, and the longer they lie on the shelf, the more ridiculous becomes the original price tag attached to them. Sometimes, such is its haste to get business, the Corps just plain goofs in its estimates. On several projects in the Southeast, actual costs ran 257 per cent higher than the estimates. Even Louisiana Sen. Allen Ellender, who appears to think that money grows on hatracks, was heard to whimper when the cost of one project went up 600 per cent in a year. Discrepancies of 200 and 300 per cent between original estimates and final costs are not uncommon.

Obedient to Congressional whim, the Corps justifies building longer and longer waterways into the bald spots of America. It approved the notorious 516-mile channel connecting Tulsa with the Mississippi—a $1.2 billion project which inspired the observation from economist Cecil Haver that, considering the cost of maintenance, the nation would be better off if it abstained from using the canal after it was built.

Now the Corps is ready, and Congress seems more than willing, to build a canal from the Gulf to connect with the Trinity River at Fort Worth and Dallas. This Trinity River project has been proposed, off and on, for a generation, but it used to be considered a joke. Will Rogers is usually given credit for being the first to suggest that the best thing they could do with the Trinity was to pave it—an allusion to the fact that in the Fort Worth-Dallas area the Trinity is often a reluctant trickle, shallow enough to wade across. The cost of this project will be such that one critical Congressman allowed as how it would be cheaper to move Fort Worth to the Gulf. Nevertheless, such projects emanating from Texas are no longer a joking matter; San Antonio now seriously proposes that it have its own canal to the Gulf—125 miles as the crow flies. Give the Corps enough time to study the matter, and it is sure to come up with a positive response to San Antonio's dream ditch. The Corps is famous for rationalizing fantastic proposals.

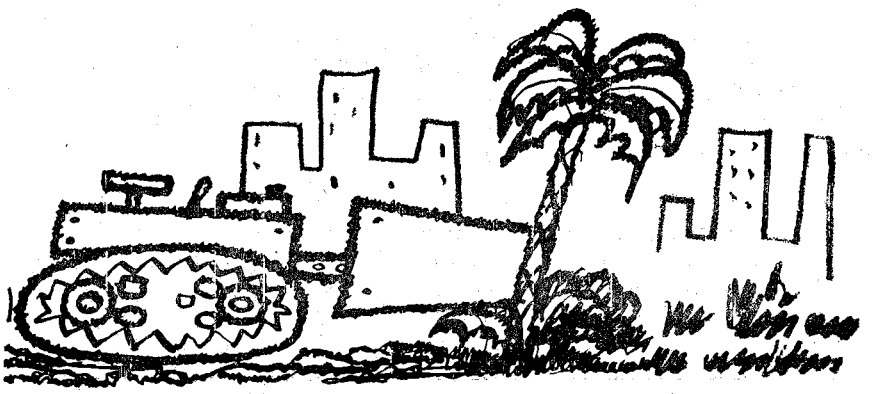
The idea of building a canal from Lake Erie to Pittsburgh has been kicking around since the old canal days of the last century. Although it was revived again in the 1930s, nothing ever came of it because, except for the fact that the canal might readjust the commercial traffic pattern to benefit Youngstown, Ohio, other possible gains were hard to envisage. However, Rep. Mike Kirwan of Youngstown is fond of this project, and the Corps is expected eventually to come up with a study that justifies digging. Kirwan is a big man in water-resources development.

The Water Valley Dam on Eleven Point River down in Arkansas is another good illustration of the Corps' research bounce. Just about everybody but the Corps and a group of influential Arkansas politicians has agreed that putting a dam on Eleven Point River is a poor idea. The state of Missouri, the Interior Department, the Bureau of Fish and Wildlife, the U.S. Forestry Service, many conservation organizations—all oppose it. The Corps gamely started out with the argument that the dam was needed for, of course, flood control. But inasmuch as the last serious flood on that river occurred in 1915, nobody took that seriously. Next, the Corps proposed to build the dam for power development, but could find nobody who wanted to buy the power. Then it tried to sell the idea of a dam to impound a "recreational" lake — although there are seven other man-made lakes in the area and fourteen in the state, and although to build this superfluous dead-water reservoir they would have to destroy one of the last free-flowing rivers in the Ozarks. The lake would ruin $28 million worth of farmland and businesses, and force 500 families to move.

Last April the Corps which, when left alone is not always unreasonable, agreed that the idea for a dam should be scrapped. But Arkansas Congressmen howled in protest and demanded a new study. So the Corps took another look and said, well, the dam might be a good idea after all.

Then there is the Cape Fear River development in North Carolina. Thirty-two years ago the Corps made a study and reported that flood control is not justified in the lower Cape Fear basin. Nineteen years ago, after that area's worst flood of modern times, it again studied the situation and again could not justify a dam. But today the Corps—with a joyous background chorus of most Congressmen from North Carolina—says flood control is essential. The Corps' estimate of potential flood damage is about 40 per cent higher than the estimate of the Soil Conservation Service. Even if flood control isn't needed, says the Corps, see the fine recreational reservoir we shall make for the people of North Carolina!

Into this reservoir will feed the Haw River, the most polluted stream in North Carolina, and the New Hope River, which the National Park Service says carries moderate to severe pollution. One knowledgeable critic forecasts the result to be an expenditure of $72 million to create a "gigantic cesspool for raw sewage from towns and cities and for discharged chemicals from industrial plants" upstream. To achieve this, the Corps will drown



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35,000 acres, and drive 150 families off farms that have come down to them through seven and eight generations.

A resident of New Hope Valley, which will be at the bottom of the reservoir, appeared before the House Public Works subcommittee to beg Congress to leave them alone. When he was asked, "What is an average price of the land in the valley?," he answered proudly: "I would say that there is much land in the valley that is of such value to the people that it would take as much to buy it as it would to buy the Capitol in Washington." (His neighbors who had come to Washington with him, and who filled the committee chamber, applauded.) "I do not mean to be disrespectful but I mean that many of those are not to be sold. They have been handed down from generation to generation as an asset, something that has been looked forward to." The committee was unmoved.

Back in 1942, Congress revived an old idea of a canal across north Florida as a way to out-fox enemy submarines lurking offshore. Those were desperate days when cost didn't matter, but even under such conditions Congress gulped when the Corps reported that the benefit-cost ratio would be a wretched 0.19—that is, the cost would be more than five times greater than the benefit. Defense officials said to forget it. Taking a second look at the project, they decided that ships going around the tip of Florida would not be nearly the sitting ducks that barges emerging from the canal would be.

And so forget it most of the nation did. But not Florida land speculators, or politicians, or pulpwood and phosphate companies with stuff to barge. They wanted that canal. The Corps eventually obliged with the right benefit-cost ratio, although it did take some time. The year the war ended they squeezed here and squeezed there and managed to come up with a benefit level of 1.05, still not good enough. In 1958, they tried again, and again decided the benefit level wasn't high enough to move.

But five years later, with some superb juggling, the Corps had a respectable figure. It took some doing. Although construction costs had risen nationally 36 per cent since the 1945 estimate, and though the project plan had been expanded, the estimated cost was mysteriously slashed 13.5 per cent. As for the forecast benefits, they now included half a million dollars a year in "land enhancement"—something nobody had thought to consider before. It wasn't pointed out until some time later that the Corps had forgotten to place on the minus side the permanent flooding of the Oklawaha River Valley—a river which *The New York Times* has properly called "one of this country's most beautiful free-flowing streams"—and the disenhancement of the lands that will be covered by the canal.

Raymond W. Stuck, who was for four years chief of the Corps' civil works division but is now retired and can speak frankly, calls it a nice piece of "hocus-pocus." The sleight of hand would probably not have been successful if President Kennedy had not needed the support of Florida Congressmen to liberalize the House Rules Committee. Getting their support, he personally asked that the barge canal be put into the 1963 budget.

The Cross-Florida Barge Canal—which Senator Ellender calls a "little work," costing only $145 million—at least illustrates with what a free hand the Corps is permitted to maneuver. In 1964 the Corps asked for, and got, $200,000 to start Rodman Dam on that canal project. The politicians put on their best suits and trooped out to the site and made speeches and set off some dynamite. Last year, the Corps was back, asking $350,000 for Rodman Dam. To continue work on it? No, to *start* work. Even such great and good friends of the Corps as Ellender and Florida's senior Senator, Spessard Holland, were embarrassed by the fast shuffle. Said Ellender to the Corps' General Welling: "Last year you asked for $200,000 to initiate Rodman Dam. Today you are asking for $350,000 to initiate the Rodman Dam. What happened?" And Holland chimed in: "I went there when they supposedly started that project and you all put on quite a good show of blowing up a lot of soil a year ago. Now you mean to tell me you have not been able to go ahead and award this contract?"

That, said General Welling, was exactly what he meant to tell him: "We applied it to other contracts."

That seemed to end the discussion, because Ellender and Holland do not mean to be critical by such questioning. When Florida's Governor Haydon Burns appeared before the Senate Public Works committee to beg that the government continue with the canal, he complained that some people were writing about it as being a "pork-barrel outrage." Tut tut, soothed Ellender, "we get such blasts as that every now and then. Don't pay any attention to such articles."

And then Ellender made a point that is basic to the leapfrog philosophy by which Congress and the Corps cooperate: that is, spend a little money and then you can argue it would be wasted unless you spend a lot more. Up to now the government has put $5 million into the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, leaving a minimum of $140 million to go. Said Ellender, "We have invested quite a bit of money up to now in that project and once a project of that kind is started—"

GOVERNOR BURNS: "It is no time to stop."

ELLENDER: "That is right. This criticism is just so much chaff."

Chaff or not, it irritates. When Arthur Maas of Harvard wrote his book *Muddy Waters*, criticizing the Corps for highhandedly ignoring the President, Lt. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, then chief of the engineers, explained publicly that Maas was simply "trying to get more centralized power in government" (and you know what *that* means). *Life* magazine's recent editorial, "The Seductive Odor of Pork," suggested that there might be something other than logic behind the proposed canal from Fort Worth-Dallas to the Gulf. Gen. John L. Person (Ret.), executive vice president of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, flared back that the editorial was "ridiculous . . . superficial, inaccurate and cynical . . . using innuendo and false implications."

Maj. Gen. Jackson Graham, currently director of the Engineers' civil works program, is really showing a thin skin. In two recent speeches he complained of "a downpour of the 'pork barrel' and 'boondoggle' type of criticism" and "the current fad of castigating water-resource engineers and highway engineers and other engineers on this subject of beauty. 'Despoilers' and 'uglifiers' are typical of the epithets. We try to put these brickbats in perspective. . . ."

The Corps and its allies have a way of handling their critics. Chief among these critics is Senator Prox-

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mire of Wisconsin. It may be only accidental, of course, but while every neighboring state is receiving several millions of dollars from last year's rivers-and-harbors budget, Wisconsin will receive nothing. It may be only coincidental, too, that Utah, Moss's home state, is left out of the budget.

Leslie A. Miller, ex-Governor of Wyoming and chairman of the Hoover Commission's task force on natural resources, once gave this appraisal:

The Corps of Engineers, one of the oldest of government services, has become undoubtedly the most powerful lobbying and pressure group in the government today.

By various grants of authority from Congress, it has extended its power and influence into many fields of civilian services, including the plum-rich areas of river-and-harbor improvements and flood control.

Theoretically, the Corps is responsible to the Secretary of the Army, and through him, to the President. In practice, it has worked out that the engineers deal directly with Congress itself, often arrogantly ignoring, as has been demonstrated in many instances, the expressed wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. It has become hard to tell now who is the master — Congress or the Corps of Engineers — for, though Congress provides the appropriations for these rich and often wasteful engineering projects, the Corps provides the modus operandi *and the excuse for the spending of billions on the project that brings such joy to the home districts of the rivers-and-harbors-bloc Congressmen.*

Miller wrote that thirteen years ago. He could have written it today. Nothing has changed.

Last year, in a further effort to by-pass the executive branch and make as many arrangements as they can just between themselves, Congress voted to allow the Corps to proceed with any project costing not more than $10 million that the Corps and the two Congressional Public Works Committees agreed on, without going to the full Congress for approval and without even looking for a nod from the White House.

President Johnson, properly jealous of his powers in this instance, said they wouldn't get away with it. He is likely to remember this attempted slight and act accordingly in the coming Department of Natural Resources fight.

The opposing camps are already assembling. On the one side will be such groups as:

◐ The National Farmers Union and the Grange and other rural blocs that are tired of the Corps coming in with its grandiose schemes and, without consulting local farmers, flooding them with another reservoir on which city folk can water-ski on weekends. The Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation is not guiltless in this regard, but the Corps is much more high-handed.

◐ The National Audubon Society and all lovers of wild retreats, to whom the Corps is The Great Destroyer. Speaking for these opponents, one columnist wrote recently that to the Army Engineers "a vast sheet of water apparently is the most coveted thing in the world—another great artificial lake to attract tourists, swimmers, boat riders, fishermen, hot-dog peddlers, motel operators, all to 'up the economy' of the area. If there is anything that challenges, even nauseates, the Army Engineers, it is a free-flowing stream."

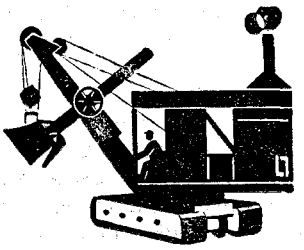
◐ The Soil Conservation Service, which is constantly being badgered by the Corps. The SCS was the first government agency to challenge the Corps' total domination over flood-control matters. Nine years ago it won the right to build small dams upstream, mostly for the protection of farmers (this arrangement with the Corps is quite properly called a "treaty"). But even these dams have to be approved by the Corps and it loves to quibble over the SCS's plans. One soil conservation official told me recently: "We spend more damn time rebutting the Corps than we do in planning our projects. We have 707 watershed projects going today, and we had to rebut the Corps on 20 per cent of those."

On the other side, standing four-square with the Corps and almost indistinguishable from it, will be that fascinating organization called the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. In the previous furor—the one thirteen years ago—a House member charged that the National Rivers and Harbors Congress was attacking the Hoover proposal because members of the NRHC were tied up with contractors' lobbies who feared a slump if the work was taken away from the Corps. The same charges will no doubt be heard again, because the same old National Rivers and Harbors Congress, with a few new faces, is still around.

The NRHC is an undisguised lobbying organization, and its most important members are Congressmen and Senators. In a brochure distributed by the NRHC, it describes itself as "non-official in nature" but "unique" in its "long tradition of close cooperation with top officials in the legislative and executive branches of the government."

It should indeed have uniquely close cooperation with the legislative branch, since *all* members of Congress are ex officio members of the NRHC, *all* eleven of its national vice presidents are Senators or Congressmen, as are the chairman of the board and *all* chairmen of the standing committees.

Here are found such names as Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, chairman emeritus of the NRHC.



(He is also chairman of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, where the Moss bill perilously lies.) Senator Ellender is a national director of NRHC; he is also chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee which decides on the Corps' budget. Other vice presidents are Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Rep. Joseph Martin of Massachusetts, Sen. Spessard Holland of Florida, Rep. Robert Sikes of Florida, Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas, Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Rep. Mike Kirwan of Ohio, Rep. Robert Jones of Alabama, Rep. Ed Edmondson of Oklahoma and Rep. John Blatnik of Minnesota.

Once a year the NRHC gets together and decides which rivers and harbors projects it should present to Congress. Then its Congressional members change hats, go back to the Capitol, and start lobbying one another. This past session the NRHC approved projects that would cost $1,936,542,000. Congress turned out a bill costing $1,985,785,000. That's what those Congressmen-lobbyists call "close cooperation."

More of it will be seen when Moss, Metcalf and Clark come over the barricades.

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PENNSY-CENTRAL

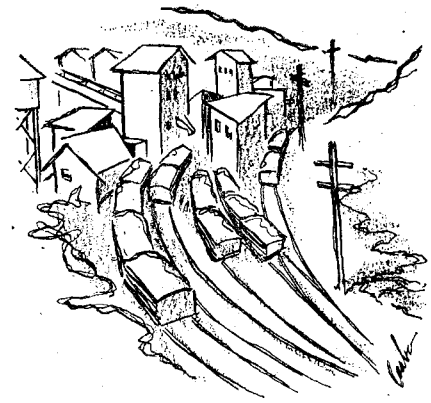
ONE BIG HAPPY RAILROAD . . . Desmond Smith

In the use made of the railroads by their owners and managers, the legitimate profit on transportation was often a relatively unimportant motive. The power to fix freight rates carried opportunities compared to which reasonable return for services rendered was inconsequential. It opened the door to schemes and conspiracies.

OUR TIMES

In the thirty-seven years since Mark Sullivan wrote those words, very little has changed to alter this remarkable insight into the *Realpolitik* of U.S. railroad management. Over the past decade a series of seemingly unrelated mergers have, in effect, created a new entity in the market place, a group of giant regional railroad monopolies. Some rationalization of the sprawling U.S. railroad system is obviously necessary, but in the next few years the nervous system of President Johnson's Great Society — the railroads—will begin to exercise a profound leverage on the American economy. For just so long as the railroads have had to compete with one another, the power to fix freight rates has been held in check. Now the nation-wide merger movement is rapidly destroying the restraint of free competition. Design, not coincidence, is behind the well-organized railway-merger campaign. Ben Heinemann, the aggressive president of the Chicago & North Western, has quietly predicted that the stage is already being set for the supermergers of the 1980s. Then, says Mr. Heinemann, with commuter city traffic out of the way, three or four Goliath-sized transcontinental transportation companies will share among them 90 to 95 per cent of the freight moving across the United States.

Under these circumstances, the closest scrutiny should attend the audacious application of the Pennsylvania Railroad for public approval to merge with the New York Central. For the moment, consider the immediate consequences of such a merger. The Pennsylvania New York Central Transportation Company (observe that the word, *railroad*, is avoided; the new company plans to get into *all* forms of transportation) will be the biggest corporate merger in American financial history. The two companies will pool assets of more than $5.5 billion, own and operate more than 20,000 miles of track, 4,000 locomotives, 8,000 passenger carriages, 227,000 freight cars, vast real estate holdings, and 19 million shares of common stock. Moreover, this prodigious transportation company would wield its vast economic power through thirteen states containing 40 per cent of the country's population. From New York in the East to Chicago in the West, from Louisville in the South to Mackinaw



City in the North, a transportation trust would be created beyond the dreams even of a Harriman—who first raised the idea of one railroad partially controlling another on the principle of "community of interests." Since both Mr. Perlman (of the N.Y. Central) and Mr. Saunders (of the Pennsylvania) have described the benefits of this merger in terms of eliminating schedules, abolishing terminals, cutting down on equipment, ripping up "surplus" track, and terminating the employment of thousands of workers whose whole lives have been spent on the railroads, it is worth examining why their common interest is *not* in the public interest.

At present, the N.Y. Central and the Pennsylvania are rivals. At more than 140 points on a thirteen-state railroad map the two giants have to fight in the market place for the right to carry a customer's business. A Penn-Central combine would result in a drastic shake-up of the present highly competitive Eastern railroad structure. Western shippers, dependent on rail transportation, would inevitably find themselves having to pay more for goods shipped from the East. In turn, manufacturing plants on the Eastern Seaboard would be confronted with freight increases on raw materials from Western states. When Mark Sullivan singled out the power to fix freight rates he focused on an aspect of railroad economies usually hidden from public view. Prof. Walter Adams of Michigan State University has described this economic power with a simple analogy: "In a poker game with unlimited stakes, the player who commands disproportionately large funds is likely to emerge victorious. If I have $100, while my opponents have no more than $5 each, I am likely to win — regardless of my ability, my virtue or my luck. I have one asset the others lack, the power to bankrupt my rivals." In the railroad business, market power is very largely the sum of all the freight cars owned. Today the Penn-Central companies own every second freight car rolling through the Great Lakes, Central Eastern and Pocahontas regions. It is no good for Mr. Perlman and Mr. Saunders to dance around this question of market power: the two gentlemen blandly proclaim their sole purpose is efficiency. But as a big Pittsburgh manufacturer told *Business Week*: "Here we have two of the largest and slowest lines in the country merging. It's going to make a single line that's twice as large—and twice as slow." Another Pittsburgh shipper added: "Anything that gets to be 150 per cent the size of the Pennsy is too big."

The proposed Penn-Central merger provokes three important questions. They concern the adequacy of Congressional measures in dealing with the railroads; the current financial status of the Penn-Central companies, and the public usefulness of the Interstate Commerce Commission as it presently functions.

On the first of these questions there can be little doubt that until

Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist *(London).*

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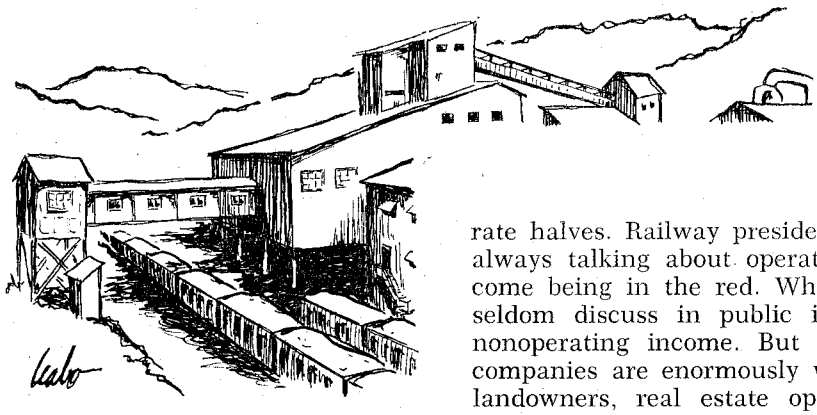

recently the state of the railroads was on a par with the state of the Pima Indians, as far as Washington was concerned. Indeed, until the nation's passenger services began to fall apart in the early 1960s, neither White House nor Congress ever gave much time to what was tacitly understood to be the preserve of private enterprise. It is still an interesting (and unanswered) question how much credit for this lamentable neglect can be laid at the door of the powerful railway lobby. A case in point is Sen. Claiborne Pell's long and unsuccessful fight to win passage for an inter-city railroad reorganization bill. When Sen. Harrison Williams' Urban Mass Transportation Act was passed in 1964—with a midget appropriation of $375 million spread over three years — it was the first government action in years. Compared to the $141 billion spent on the federal-state highway program in the past twenty years, the Williams measure is ludicrously inadequate. Finally, it should be noted that the Williams bill is restricted to intra-city problems.

In one of the most curious public relations campaigns of all times the cash-rich railroads have spent literally millions of dollars in recent years persuading the American public that they must be doing something wrong. Thus, the best brains in U.S. advertising and public relations have been busy telling what may be dubbed "The Failing American Railroad" story. As with all advertising, the perceptive reader will look to the subplot for the real message. That message is merger. It is on this issue that the second question then emerges: has it been sensible to allow the Penn-Central companies their day at the hoardings without rebuttal?

Few people realize that railroads split their bookkeeping into separate halves. Railway presidents are always talking about operating income being in the red. What they seldom discuss in public is their nonoperating income. But railway companies are enormously wealthy landowners, real estate operators, mine operators, and dozens of other things besides. Since so many highly paid minds have been employed to bring about a general condition of public numbness on the railway issue, it seems worth while to look briefly at the Penn-Central argument in 1962 before the ICC. When the publicists left the stage, the railway lawyers moved in from the wings. The ICC knows all about nonoperating income, and the railway argument shifted therefore to the matter of competition. The Pennsy's attorneys argued that the transportation business today is a dog-eat-dog world where pipe lines, truckers, barge operators and air lines have all conspired to finesse the railroads at every turn. "The railroads can no longer consider any traffic captive. One form or other of transportation offers competition for substantially all traffic which the railroads are handling with long and short haul."

During the hearings, the eleven ICC commissioners were shown an endless parade of gloomy graphs, maps and statistics. Even with a merger, according to the presentation, Penn-Central was confronted with a doubtful future: the inroads of other competition would insure a steady decline of freight handled in the years ahead. Competition is less serious, however, than Penn-Central would have the ICC believe. Railroads continue to provide the only large-volume, low-cost, general-transportation service for the shipment of virtually any product, anywhere in the United States. In striking contrast to the picture of woe painted for the benefit of the ICC are the more recent stockholder reports. Take a glance at the New York Central. "Automobiles," says its report, "once handled almost entirely by highway carriers, are now rolling in Central's new multi-level cars in ever-increasing numbers. Coal traffic is also returning to the Central, primarily as a result of the new unit trains and incentive rates. New markets for Flexi-Van (a road-rail service), the most versatile freight container ever devised, are being rapidly developed."

The New York Central's erstwhile rival is not doing too badly either. Not long ago Pennsylvania's president, Stuart Saunders, told a group of businessmen: "We are going to put a minimum of 5 million tons of coal in Europe in less than five years, and much quicker than that, I think. We are willing, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to commit some $50 million to this project." It is generally difficult to see how the Penn-Central companies can continue to cry poor in the face of such evidence. Alfred Perlman of the New York Central, in fact, calls railroads "the surprise growth industry of the next decade." Not surprising then to find that last year the "failing" Pennsy managed to distribute a $2 dividend to some 13 million shareholders.

So much for questions of Congressional inaction and of shell-game methods of accounting on the part of the railroads. The final question to ask is: have the regulated industries taken over the regulators? Specifically, how diligently does the ICC protect the public interest when it deals with the railroads? Railroads are regulated in the belief that they contribute something vital and essential to the economy as a whole. Additionally, the public now has a taxpayer stake in the railroads as a result of federal-state subsidies for passenger services. A regulatory agency, whose purpose it was to promote healthy competition while protecting the public interest, could be remarkably useful. Instead we have the ICC. So discredited is this agency among independent-minded economists that the question arises of its continued usefulness as a regulatory agency. As Prof. Walter Adams has remarked, "These days, the ICC does not protect the public against the industry but protects the industry against the bargaining power of the public." As a result, the ICC's long-awaited decision on the Penn-Central case is scarcely in doubt. It will be in favor of the merger. And, in the Washington headquarters of the Association of American Railroads, no one will be a bit surprised.

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Joining Father's Outfit

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS. By Oleg Penkovskiy. Introduction and commentary by Frank Gibney. Foreword by Edward Crankshaw. Translated by Peter Deriabin. Doubleday & Co. 411 pp. $5.95.

Samuel L. Sharp

There is something of an established tradition about documents purporting to show the schemes of Russian leaders for world domination or other equally nefarious plans. Even when adjudged forgeries, such documents have a remarkable capacity for survival and periodic re-emergence. The most famous example is that of the so-called Testament of Peter the Great, which first popped up in the alleged memoirs of the Chevalier d'Eon, that fascinating 18th-century transvestite and French intelligence agent. The "testament" was published in 1836, courtesy of Polish political exiles who wanted to alert the West to the dangers of Russian expansion. The habit of quoting the "testament" in evidence survived the collapse of the czarist system; it was turned into a weapon of political warfare against the Communists. As late as 1951, Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., reprinted the "testament" in an appendix to his book, *Total Empire*, a study of "the roots and progress of world communism," thus making a proto-Bolshevik out of Peter I. An explanatory note states that the "testament" had been declared a forgery by historical scholarship, but Father Walsh argues that "independent . . . of its authenticity, the will possesses great intrinsic interest, as embodying principles of action followed out by Russia during the last hundred years. . . ." Similar arguments, ascribing "intrinsic interest" to *not quite authentic but plausible* documents have been heard about the famous Zinoviev Letter of 1924 and other fabrications.

Do the Penkovsky Papers (let us dispense with the phony pseudo-scholarship of the transliteration used throughout the book) belong to this category of not quite authentic documents? Some experts—including Victor Zorza of the *Manchester Guardian* — question its authenticity on the basis of a careful analysis of the internal evidence of the text. Edward Crankshaw, himself somewhat of an accessory to the operation as author of a foreword to the book, dismisses this approach as tedious exegesis, an occupational hazard of professional Kremlinology, of no interest to the general reader. He politely suggests in an article elsewhere that Frank Gibney, chief surgeon of the operation, "oversimplifies" when he tells us that Oleg Penkovsky, the colonel in the Soviet military intelligence (GRU) who turned spy for the West, actually jotted down the "revealing hotchpotch" in his cramped Moscow quarters. Crankshaw and others are inclined to look upon the Penkovsky "papers" as transcripts of de-briefing sessions held during Penkovsky's several visits to the West, to which some material sent by him from Moscow may have been added. It may indeed be silly to insist, as some obstinate truthmongers did, that the original Russian manuscript or typescript be produced. As Paul Blackstock points out, *these*, too, could easily be manufactured by one dis-information outfit or another, be it the CIA, the British M-6 or one of the many free-lancers in the business. The central issue to Crankshaw is not the method of delivery of the document in its present form, but the authenticity of the material as coming in one way or another from an important operative close to the very centers of Soviet power and decision making. On this score he has no doubts, nor do we. What we question is the material truth of what are billed as valuable revelations.

Let us have a close look at what is before us. The core, although by no means "most of the book," as Mr. Gibney claims, indeed consists of material which seems to have originated with Penkovsky. By my count, 221 out of 411 pages are in this category. The rest is made up of Gibney's introduction and continuity, a foreword by Crankshaw, and a couple of pages by Greville Wynne, British co-defendant in Penkovsky's trial and his main contact with Western intelligence. The book is padded by a 60-page insert of the "Prihodko lecture" on how to spy in America, a document presumably made available by Penkovsky in microfilm. There are also family pictures and reproductions of passes, membership cards, diplomas of the colonel, all in support of the authenticity claim.

To this reader, a substantial portion of the "papers" is early Penkovsky and belongs to the immediate period following the colonel's success in establishing contact with Western intelligence operatives. The problem facing a defector (including what is known as a "defector-in-place" who changes allegiance but not his place of residence) is that of impressing the prospective recipients of his material with his access to important secrets, as well as his competence in evaluating information. On both these scores, Gibney insists, Penkovsky was a very valuable source. Yet there is something pathetic in Penkovsky's efforts to establish himself as a man in the know.

Penkovsky begins by stating that he knows "more than most" about Khrushchev's plans and policies; yet nowhere in the text is there anything to support his boast. His only contact with Khrushchev, other than a passing glimpse of him during the war, was rather remote: while in London, he wrote to the First Secretary an indignant letter about the state of neglect of the grave of Karl Marx. This, we are told by a supposedly sophisticated operative, was to bolster his standing as a zealous Communist while already spying for the West. Incidentally and quite revealingly, he enjoyed the discomfort his complaint caused to the personnel of the Soviet Embassy in London, by no means the only instance of digging under fellow workers. When he was stationed in Turkey as assistant military attaché, he reported on his boss and used for the purpose the channel of the rival intelligence network, the K.G.B., dirty pool even in this dirty business. This is mentioned because it is in Penkovsky's personality and his relations with people around him that one finds the key to his "revolt" against the system. One does not have to accept the primitive epithets employed by the prosecutor in Penkovsky's trial to identify certain character traits which compel even Mr. Gibney to describe his man as a "flawed hero." Although successful in his military career, Penkovsky tended to feel shortchanged when as-

Samuel L. Sharp is chairman of Soviet Studies at The American University, Washington, D.C.

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signed to political work or training activities in the rear. He wants to go to the front: "After all, at that time there were already several hundred decorated heroes of the Soviet Union, but all I had was a cigarette case which I got for fighting the Finns." When decorated with the order of Alexander Nevsky, he feels that "all this lifted my spirits considerably, and I went back to my regiment anticipating a brilliant military career." Those who were in charge of Penkovsky later in London must have caught on to his vanity and love for shiny hardware; he apparently had himself photographed in a British and an American colonel's uniforms. Political transvestite? Shades of the Chevalier d'Eon!

There can be no doubt that at one point the colonel became disgusted with the system in which he lived. But he tells us in what sounds like a true confession that he began by being disgusted *with himself:* "I felt before, and I feel now, that I must find some justification for my existence which would give me inner satisfaction." And again: "Inwardly I have not grown one bit, and I have the feeling that every day our 'Communism' is pulling me back instead of moving me forward." This feeling of personal emptiness leads by one step — I am sure the psychiatrists have a word for it — to the notion that not he, Penkovsky, is sick with frustration or whatever is nagging him: the system is sick, the country is sick. "Some disease or infection is gnawing and eating at our country from within, and we must do something to stop it. I do not see any other choice, and this is the main reason why I am joining the ranks of acting fighters for a better future for my people." From this point on, he does not have one good word for the realities of the Soviet Union. Khrushchev and his gang are adventurists bent on aggressive war. The generals gorge themselves with caviar and grow roses in their gardens while the people starve, actually starve. The Soviet leaders are planning for a "first strike" in a nuclear war. And here comes the clincher: "This would open the road to the subjugation of the entire world," a standard phrase about Russian — Russian, not just Soviet — intentions which is several centuries old.

Before we let Penkovsky off the couch or out of the confessional, one must mention the constant references to his father, a father whom he never knew and who died in 1919, the year of Oleg's birth, as an officer of the "white" armies fighting the Bolsheviks. This detail of his biography has somehow escaped the allegedly all-knowing keepers of the secret files, but whenever Penkovsky feels that he is in trouble, he expects it to be flung in his face. So the ghost of Vladimir Penkovsky stalks the Papers, performing several functions: he feeds his son's paranoia and at the same time legitimizes him with his new friends. Oleg can now in spirit join his father's outfit.

Perhaps it needs pointing out that disenchanted Boy Scouts who discover the not too elegant nature of politics—and Soviet politics must indeed be quite dirty when seen from the kitchen side—are not very reliable evaluators of the realities which they so violently and totally reject. I feel that although the West no doubt made a first-rate catch — actually the fish practically forced his way into the net — and presumably received a lot of useful technical information, Penkovsky's contacts must have been relieved when he decided to return to Moscow, driven by a most vigorous death wish. But why revive the whole episode now? There are various theories on this subject, too, the most plausible being that we have here the answer of the CIA and/or M-6 to the publication of the memoirs of Gordon Lonsdale, *recte* Konon Molody, a Soviet spy caught and convicted in England but exchanged for Wynne. Yet the politically minded would not be satisfied with the answer and would look for more than a prank-counter-prank game involving the dis-information boys of three great powers. The Papers may particularly appeal to some by reinvigorating and updating the notion of the "immutable aims" of the Soviet Union. That this is done with the help of evidence that came from a highly charged and therefore not entirely reliable source; that the evidence, even if — as in the case of the interest of the Soviet military in the "first strike" option around 1960-61 — true at the time may now be, as Mr. Gibney blandly suggests, of "academic interest," is beside the point. Psychological warfare, an oversold endeavor supported by a well-heeled vested interest, must go on, even if against one's own people, always the handiest target.

The Incurable Species

THE PROUD TOWER: A Portrait of the World Before the War, 1890-1914. By Barbara W. Tuchman. The Macmillan Co. 528 pp. $7.95.

George Dangerfield

On a first reading, this is impressionistic history, symptomatic, brilliant, but not deep. On a second reading, it seems to be suffused with despair. The "world" of 1890 to 1914 depicted here is, significantly enough, an Anglo-American and Western European world; it is shown to be bursting with energy; it batters itself to bits. Across the gigantic "sudd" of World War I, lying between us and it, only a few exceptional voices utter a language which connects with our own; they are the voices of composers, artists and writers; the rest are either complacent or base or deluded or unavailing. These speakers—the best as well as the worst of them—stand there on the farther side of the great "sudd," in a posture of failure. But the posture is symptomatic only; it does not reveal, still less explain, the cause of failure; indeed, it intimates that the failure is incurable. Mrs. Tuchman sums this all up, it seems to me, in one deadly sentence at the very end of the book: "The working class went to war willingly, even eagerly, like the middle class, like the upper class, like the species."

This sentence is deadly, not only for what it says, but for what it implies. Mrs. Tuchman is witty, she is very intelligent, she has a remarkable gift for narrative and descriptive prose; but when she uses the word "species," I do not think that she is writing like a historian. "Species" is a biological term, which reminds us of the immensities of evolution, and which—in the context of the sentence cited above—implies that mankind is a warlike species and must always remain so. Historical progress, on the other hand, is a matter of the incorporation of previous experience; and unless we assume that history is simply the record of follies and crimes, we have a right to believe that prog-

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George Dangerfield is the author, most recently, of The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828 *(Harper and Row). His other books include* Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York *and* The Era of Good Feelings *(both Harcourt, Brace).*

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ress of some sort has taken place. By progress, I mean moral progress—the endeavor to develop the full potential of man. When Mrs. Tuchman writes (of Jaurès' indictment of the capitalist system), "in his time it was *still* [the italics are mine] possible to suppose that the fault lay in the system, not humanity," she appears to be denying this kind of progress. I may have misinterpreted her, but I feel that *The Proud Tower*, vivid and engrossing though it is on almost every page, is at heart a despairing book.

The contents of her portrait are, necessarily, eclectic; as she says herself, she might have picked an entirely different set of subjects. The ones she has chosen are: the English Tories of 1895-1902, the Anarchists, the American imperialists, the Dreyfus case, the Peace Conferences at The Hague, the world of Richard Strauss, the English Liberals, the Socialists. Her criterion is that they should be "truly representative" and have "exerted their major influence on civilization before 1914, not after." (This is not true of the chapter on Strauss, which contains such names as Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Proust, Yeats and Stravinsky, and which is the one hopeful chapter in the book.)

How right she is to begin with the most complacent of governments. The Tories under the Marquess of Salisbury were, she says, "patrician." The epithet is altogether fitting. Not all Tory cabinets, it is true, had been so packed with landed aristocrats of impeccable lineage as this, but that is the point. For this was to be the last of the old Tory dispensations; and, as if to emphasize the fact that its hour had come upon it, it was arrayed in unusual splendor. And yet, by its behavior in the face of a world in rapid motion, it seems to have been quite unaware of its doom. Lord Salisbury — kindly, irritable, melancholy, retiring Lord Salisbury—was a very clever man, but his cleverness did not include an acute sense of the future. He was, said his Chancellor of the Exchequer, in schoolboy language, "keen about the housing of the poor and sanitary improvements," but that was all. "As long as I am here," he told the House of Lords, "nothing will happen." "Rightly or wrongly," he once announced, "I am not interested in the legitimate aspirations of Ireland." If a man says "rightly or wrongly," he always means "rightly."

Lord Salisbury was often bored by the speeches to which he was compelled to listen in the Lords; on such occasions he would set up a nervous drumming with his heels which, his colleagues on the front bench complained, gave them the sensation of seasickness. Boredom was also a characteristic of that other pillar of the Tory Party, the Duke of Devonshire. As Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons, he had been a pillar of the Whigs; unable to see eye to eye with Mr. Gladstone, he had joined the Tories as a Unionist. Although he was the only man in public life who had been known to yawn in the middle of his own speeches, public life—next to horse racing—was his chief antidote against tedium. His immense wealth, his princely estates, the embraces of the Duchess of Manchester—none of these sufficed. Nor would it be true to say that he took office for the good of the nation (a claim often made) unless one adds the necessary rider that he identified the good of the nation with that of his own order.

In fact, the Tories under Salisbury were a conspicuous example of the "stake in the country" principle. Now it is almost a truism to say that those who hold this principle either end by plunging the stake into the heart of the country, or submit, like any common suicide of the old days, to having it plunged into their own. Because they were manifestly unable to accept the concept of change, the Tories, under Salisbury's exquisite nephew Balfour, were routed in the election of 1906; one might well say that they had died by their own hand. The election of 1906 is a crossroads in English history; and beneath all such crossroads there is some evidence of political *felo-de-se*.

Mrs. Tuchman, I presume, intends to make these unimpressionable Tories an example of indifference to the aspirations of the governed—an indifference inseparable from any portrait of this *fin de siècle* Europe. *Fin de siècle*, of course, usually implies decadence; and this world (as she points out) was seething with energy—aesthetic, scientific, industrial, human. With the exception of the Dreyfus case, which had all the fury of an ulcerated tooth, not one of her subjects reveals a decadent state of society. Each, however, points to a misgoverned one.

Poem

Little green leaves
in the wind,
are you tourists?

John Tagliabue

It is only appropriate that Mrs. Tuchman should follow her chapter on the Tories with a brilliant account of the anarchist movement. Deploying all her virtuosity in the description of personalities, she constellates this account around the figure of Prince Kropotkin. Kropotkin, with his noble forehead, huge beard and diminutive body, looked somewhat like one of Edward Lear's Old Men; and, like them, inhabited the ineffable world of Nonsense. But it was Nonsense with a difference. Gentle and amiable in his private relations, he dreamed of nothing but the spontaneous violence of unorganized revolution. After that, man would assume his rightful place in the Eden of stateless mutualism; in fact, he had always been there, although he had never realized it. This kind of Eden thinking is characteristic of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. It is as if the Serpent had wheedled, conspired against, squeezed and tormented man, but had never succeeded in forcing him to take the fatal bite. To Kropotkin, man was essentially good: he had not fallen.

When Bernard Shaw, in a pamphlet designed to annihilate anarchism, asked "how [if man was good] did the corruption and oppression under which he groans ever arise," this question was not (as Mrs. Tuchman seems to think) unanswerable. To such as Kropotkin, corruption and oppression were historical necessities, designed to reveal to man the horrid features of his Tempter. From this point of view, the theorists advocated "the propaganda of the deed"—*attentat*, assassination. Strike the Serpent in his most glittering form—a czar, a President of France, an empress of Austria. But, alas, such excesses led only to worse things. When anarchism's terrorists began throwing bombs mindlessly into theatres and cafés they seemed (like the flogging English headmaster, who wished that his scholars had only one bottom among them) to be saying that all mankind should be collectively chastised, since it stubbornly refused to recognize how good it was. In the end, the theorists disavowed the terrorists; they may have realized that Eden thinking ends only in death; and anarchism drifted away into organized movements, such as syndicalism, whose very name implies organization of a sort.

The anarchists did succeed in emphasizing (to put it mildly) the hypocrisy and misery which flourished under the capitalist state. If organization had not been alien to their

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mutualist philosophy, who knows how far they might have gone? The Socialists were organizers to a man; but the Socialists, in turn, did not succeed in their great and most humane endeavor, and that was to persuade all workers to down tools in the event of a declaration of war. Perhaps it was their compulsive fragmentation—splendidly described in "The Death of Jaurès"—which did them in; but more probably it was the fact that, unless all workers in all major states downed tools, the result would be frightful; for then the state whose workers had not struck would inevitably overwhelm the rest.

To express it another way, the only means of preventing war is to do so before it has broken out. *Si vis pacem, para pacem*: this is the difficult lesson which (I think) the governors of this world will learn, are indeed already learning, before it is too late. Manifestly, the official classes of Mrs. Tuchman's world were of another mind. Her chapter on the peace conferences shows that the personages gathered there were concerned only with formulating the rules under which it would be possible to conduct a war. But because that world was misgoverned then, must we blame this on humanity? Or, conversely, must we say that humanity always deserves the government it gets? Rightly or wrongly, I believe in the possibility of progressive government. But I believe that it is government, not humanity, that has to learn to be humane.

Schisms & Chasms

THE STATE OF WAR: Essays in the Theory and Practice of International Politics. By Stanley Hoffmann. Frederick A. Praeger. 276 pp. $5.95.

Irving Louis Horowitz

This book of essays proved disquieting. Not because its author's brilliant shafts lacked incisiveness, nor because it dramatically altered my picture of the world; my discomfort stemmed rather from a nagging sensation that I had been through these arguments before. *The State of War* recalled to mind dozens of issues I had grappled with—and not always as successfully as Mr. Hoffmann—in my own book of essays, *The War Game*. Yet Mr. Hoffmann's volume differs quite markedly from mine. His work called to mind the *Symphonie Fantastique*, in which the beautiful waltz scherzo of the second movement is transformed into a grotesque parody of the witches' sabbath in the fifth movement. *The State of War* has a remarkable capacity for clear initial statement which slowly declines into a sad and bitter pessimism (in the name of realism, of course), where Rousseau, Game Theory and Dialectic all become tragic grotesqueries.

Mr. Hoffmann and I (along with many social scientists) share a theory of programed conflict, view with similar disdain moralistic approaches to political problems, and have the same ultimate hope that the value of survival will prove to be more compelling than the interests of nation, class or prestige. But for him all of this shared wisdom is offered in the name of a hard-nosed continuance of the cold war, while I offered my interpretation as evidence that the cold war is obsolete and useless. The uncomfortable feeling therefore has to do with this: that if Mr. Hoffmann and I were in accord on the facts, then our discord was precisely over the question of morality—which I dare say we both seem too ready to dismiss as rhetoric.

But before being driven to such a conclusion, I felt it important, to myself at any rate, to see whether we were in fundamental agreement as to matters of fact and theory. With only slender satisfaction, I can say that the difference between *The State of War* and *The War Game* is not only a moral schism but, just as assuredly, a scientific chasm.

Mr. Hoffmann's book is divided into nine chapters. Six and one-half of them are more or less linked to the title, while the other two and one-half are essays in the history of ideas—from Rousseau, Kant and Hobbes to Aron, Schelling, Kahn and Tucker. Hoffmann is at his best as a historian of ideas, but the bulk of the book and the burden of the argument rest upon the chapters directly concerned with the "state of war." Chapters 2, 3 and the first part of Chapter 8 could well form the basis of a study in the the-

Irving Louis Horowitz is professor of sociology and Director of Studies in Comparative International Development at Washington University (St. Louis). He is the author, among other books, of The New Sociology *(Oxford University Press),* Revolution in Brazil *(Dutton) and* The War Game *(Ballantine).*

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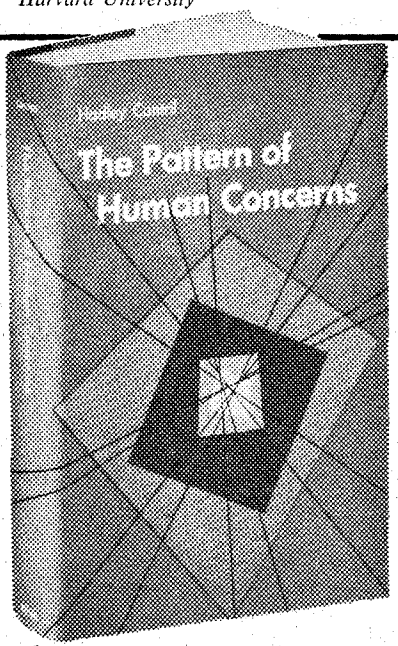

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THE PATTERN OF HUMAN CONCERNS

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oretical underpinnings of conflict theory in political and social science; but its critical spirit somehow does not carry over into the analysis of the main body of the text. Perhaps the problem is that this is a set of papers written over a five-year period, and reflects uneasy responses to amorphous audiences. Even in their "considerably revised" form, we have a set of essays held together by the author's sentiments rather than by a systematic accounting.

Hoffmann's sense of the dialectic is magnetic, perhaps even a bit magical. For instance, he can break out of the number three only once in the important chapter on International Systems and International Law:

A new system in the stakes of conflict is said to emerge when there is a new answer to the questions: (1) What are the units in potential conflict? (2) What can the units do to one another in a conflict? (3) What do the units want to do?

Next, the kind of alteration in the system is indicated by changes (1) that do not affect the system as such, (2) merely weaken the system, (3) ruin the system altogether.

The balance of power which brought about equilibrium in the classical period is then divided into three: (1) relative equilibrium among major states which are more than two in number, (2) common ties that cut across national lines, (3) systems in which the state exercises only limited power over its citizens.

Conversely the process of international deterioration is also subdivided into threes: (1) irrepressible ambitions of individual rulers, (2) the destruction of transnational ties through technological innovation, (3) strong integrative tendencies in the nation leading to heightened nationalism.

After a brief interlude, where the number four intrudes, we return to dialectical gamesmanship in describing stable international systems: (1) The law of the political framework. (2) The law of reciprocity. (3) The law of community. This dialectic of "the obsolete and the premature" goes on through the entire chapter. Indeed, even the chapter itself is subdivided into three parts. What is wrong with all this is not dialectics, but its didactics. Instead of concrete studies of international law, we get systems analyses. The legal order is said to be based on (1) common ends, (2) variations in time and (3) variations of space. Specific analysis yields to the pressure of a metaphysical catalogue. The purpose of this baroque jumble of categories is brutally simple: to tell us that the solidity of international law remains in serious if not inevitable doubt. Out of such dialectical mountains are molehills fashioned.

The world Mr. Hoffmann creates is so "realistic," it is unbelievable. There are no economic forces at work propelling nations. There are no popular classes moving to gain independence from the bureaucratic empires of both East and West. There are no sloppy problems in the world but only systems about the world. As long as real dialectic is kept out of the reckoning—the dialectic of how the other participants to the game of war perceive war and the potential for peace—then, of course, Mr. Hoffmann can hardly be confounded. But the intellectual rigidity which motivates the author is irrepressible.

In a remarkable paragraph on restraints and choices in American policy, he writes:

One is bound by one's commitments; one is committed even by one's mistakes. The United States may be free to avoid new and mistaken entanglements in the future, but it is not free to tear out of its scrapbook the political misjudgments of the past. Nor is it free to avoid entanglements altogether. (The mediocrity of SEATO as an instrument of foreign policy has led, not to a United States withdrawal from the defense of Southeast Asia, but to a downgrading of this particular alliance in favor of direct United States involvement.) Once more, freedom of action shrinks to mitigating the bitterness of the unavoidable.

What can this mean but the carefree abandon of the gambler—the "patriot" rather than the "expert" taking command? The fate of the gambler is that the rules of the game itself drive him to desperation. Programing conflict is a marvelous phrase—but such programing relies so heavily on the equilibrium which obtained even before the game gets under way that its utility as a root concept is questionable. The actual game has its own dialectic—and as Hoffmann shows, Russian Roulette is inevitably the outcome. To be committed to one's mistakes is to be committed to the *probability* of defeat. To think of every concession as a political collapse is to be committed to the *inevitability* of war. It is to confess the bankruptcy of the international "peril parity." Mr. Hoffmann's celebration of indeterminacy, ambiguity and a patternless world may lead to its opposite, a demand for determinacy, precision and manifest destiny—to a commitment to one's mistakes. What is so frightening is how accurately Hoffmann's views portray the current moment and mood in United States history.

The most significant scientific dilemma involved in Hoffmann's approach is his insistence on dividing the political world into two parts: the domestic and the international. The "domestic" ostensibly reveals a consensual pattern and is "based on the model of the integrated society." The "international" is based on a conflictual pattern, and represents a "decentralized milieu divided into separate units." This dualism enables the author to rule out of consideration civil wars or wars of national liberation. It fosters his already highly concentrated elitism by allowing him to consider men and nations of the Third World as manipulated tools of the big-power struggle. He speaks of revolutionary movements "as proxies for both Russia and China." Having convinced himself that the "domestic" is grounded in the idea of community, he can come to no other conclusion than that the absence of community is internationally inspired by the "game situation."

Such a dualism has serious analytic consequences. It stops one from examining the interpenetration of national and international goals. Take one recent instance: the Dominican Republic. The Dominican crisis can be considered an example of the trade-off policies of the Democratic Party—engaged in by its Presidential leadership from Woodrow Wilson to the present. The Democratic Party has a long history of bartering international self-determination schemes for national social security programs. That is to say, the classical technique has been to silence the opposition by maintaining a harder-than-thou posture toward the threat of international commu-

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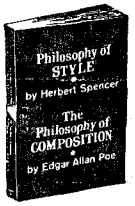

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nism. In this way, the party can dissociate its domestic program of "creeping socialism" from any implications that such domestic legislation will aid the Communists. The Democratic Party posture—from the belated involvement of the United States in World War I, the arms embargo on weapons for Republican Spain in the thirties, the intervention in the Greek Civil War in the forties, etc.—has been to accept commitments to conservative foreign regimes in order to gain the advantage for liberal domestic programs. This pragmatic policy has been highly successful: it greased the path for the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier and now the Great Society. There can be little doubt that this is but one instance of how national and international politics can be understood only as two sides of the same coin, rather than as qualitatively different entities.

The most significant philosophical dilemma involved here is Hoffmann's exaggerated sense of voluntarism in politics. As if political strategies of an age uninformed by past experience express anything other than the shared illusions of that age. He speaks of "spectacular mistakes" made by political leaders without considering the possibility that the ignominious defeat which engulfed Hitler on the Russian front is not nearly so much a matter of caprice and miscalculation as it is of the inevitable clash of world empires moving in contrary directions. To speak of the "mistake" of risking too much or too little as a threat to security or survival is naive, since one knows mistakes by the consequences rather than the prediction of events. The purpose of this voluntarism is to reinforce the untested premise that modern revolutions multiply the risks of war. This may be true when revolutions are carried out by small nations that leave intact the essential balance of forces (as did Cuba in the Western Hemisphere), but it is just as certain that warfare is minimized when revolution is carried out by major global areas that thoroughly restructure power balances, as in Russia in 1918 or China in 1949. What Hoffmann terms "risk" is therefore little more than the strident belief of current United States policy makers that any shift in the international equilibrium is in itself untenable and unacceptable.

Mr. Hoffmann uses the word "modest" in the most immodest way possible — as a warning against doing things or saying things which go beyond the confines of his vision of game theory; for example, a "modest pretension." Furthermore, he employs a barrage of terms quite differently from ordinary usage: *strategy* is used to replace rather than augment principles; *balance of power* is the same as bi-polarization; *commitment* is a surrogate for fanaticism; *concession* is akin to capitulation; *realism* becomes an equivalent to whatever the situation now is (as Hoffmann perceives it to be); *operational* is any policy unhampered by considerations other than victory.

What ultimately makes the book obsolete is not Hoffmann's vocabulary but the political motives behind his vocabulary: his notion that the major consequence of nuclear weapons has been to substitute crises for wars. Raymond Aron's premise is no longer true; for in the post-nuclear era, what has become decisive is the replacement of "crisis" (of the higher dialectical gamesmanship practiced by the major powers) with small wars. Indeed, to the extent that Aron is correct, Hoffmann draws the least interesting inference. For in a world of continuing crisis, the moral basis of conflict becomes more, not less, urgent and compelling.

We are told that the best social science can do is to show the limits of our knowledge and provide tools for the analysis of concrete situations. Causal analysis — single or multiple, historical analysis, and integrating principles for that matter—is held to be immodest and hence invalid. Mr. Hoffmann salutes his intellectual mentor Raymond Aron by noting that *Peace and War* is "a monument of scholarship in the service of doubt." One can only reverse the phrase when dealing with the author of *The State of War*: he has provided us with a monument of doubt in the service of scholarship. What is now required is not a celebration of doubt but the removal of at least some doubt through diplomacy.

Is He A Trendy?

JOHN BUCHAN. By Janet Adam Smith. Little, Brown & Co. 524 pp. $7.50.

Mordecai Richler

In the end, you've got to like John Buchan. Before accepting the job of Governor-General of Canada in 1935, he made a list of pros and cons, which included the following:

AGAINST *Too easy a job for a comparatively young man*
A country and people without much glamour

FOR *An immediate peerage might revive mother*

Buchan got his immediate peerage, becoming Lord Tweedsmuir, which prompted Ezra Pound, of all people, to write: "Thank god for one Brit. peer who didn't BUY it or get it by DIRT." Pound, it seems, not only admired Buchan's thrillers, among them *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, but shared with him an enthusiasm for social credit and anti-Semitism. Describing a 1903 affair in Park Lane, Buchan wrote: "a true millionaire's dinner — fresh strawberries in April, plovers' eggs, hooky noses and diamonds." On the other hand, as Buchan's biographer, Janet Adam Smith observes, with an unconscious sense of parody, some of young Buchan's best and richest friends were Jews; and again in 1903, this time as one of Milner's young chaps in South Africa, Buchan went so far out on a limb as to write that it would be unfair to think of Johannesburg as "Judasburg":

> *You will see more Jews than in Montreal or Aberdeen, but not more than in Paris; and any smart London restaurant will show as large a Semitic proportion as a Johannesburg club.*

Furthermore, like many another young anti-Semite, Buchan mellowed into an active supporter of Zionism, a speaker at Jewish National Fund dinners, perhaps in the hope that hooky-nosed gourmets would quit Mayfair for the Negev.

But Buchan, I must say, was an astute Governor-General, full of insights into the Canadian soul. On the occasion of King Edward VIII's having his thing with Mrs. Simpson (the real-life story now being filmed with the principals by Jack Le Vien and soon to open in hard tops all across the Commonwealth), he wrote Baldwin: "Canada is the most Puritanical part of the Empire and cherishes very much the Victorian standards in private life. . . ." Buchan also grasped immediately that Canada suffered from a

Mordecai Richler, a Canadian novelist now living in England, is the author of The Apprenticeship of Dudie Kravitz *(Little, Brown) and* Stick Your Neck Out *(Simon & Schuster).*

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great deal of provincialism and that the "crying need" was for "some national leader who would really guide the thought and touch the imagination of the whole country." In Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister he suffered so gracefully, Buchan saw no such leader. King, a crafty politician but unbelievably embarrassing sentimentalist, was a bachelor who kept pictures of his dead mommy everywhere, and consulted spiritualists rather than Washington before making major policy decisions (which, incidentally, suggests a theme for a future study of Canadian policy, foreign and domestic: on balance, were mediums less harmful to Canadian development than FDR, JFK and LBJ?).

Buchan also understood that Quebec was a major Canadian problem and that:

> *A great deal of blame attaches, I think, to the English population. There is a truculent Orange element in Ontario, and in Montreal, where the whole business world is run by the English, who are only a quarter of the population, there has been in the past a good deal of arrogance and unfriendliness. . . . It is not easy to get any kind of imaginative outlook from the ordinary hard-faced business man.*

He was refreshingly receptive to the ideas of bright young Canadians, like David Lewis, then national secretary of the C.C.F. (now the New Democratic Party), and actually read radical Canadian journals like *The Canadian Forum*, a reading habit shared with possibly 2,000 other Canadians.

In 1939, Buchan, bless him, brought King George VI to Canada on a visit. While the King never actually stopped on our street in Montreal, he did pass nearby and we were all scrubbed and turned out of school to wave at him on our first unscheduled holiday, as I recall it, since Buster Crabbe, the Tarzan of our day, had spoken to us on Canada Youth Day. For as long as George VI was in Canada my friends and I used to set pennies down on the tracks to be flattened by passing freight trains and then fan out into rich neighborhoods, where we told the kids the royal train had gone over them and got a nickel for each.

This tour, Janet Adam Smith writes, gave "great impulse to the growth of Canadian national feeling, as against provincial. French Canadians had begun to talk of 'our' rather than 'your' King and Queen." Lord Crawford wrote from London: "The visit has given Canada a status never quite conceded hitherto. Canada now stands

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out more distinct from the U.S.A., with her own personality clearly defined. . . ." To which I can only add: fiddlesticks. A year later the Mayor of Montreal, Camillien Houde, was interned for telling French-Canadians not to register for military service, and thousands took his advice, tore up their draft cards and took to the hills, rather than fight "a British war." Since then, of course, French-Canadian comments on the royal family are largely unprintable. As for us, the hooky-nosed, our feeling for the royal family was characterized by an amused benevolence. They didn't affect the price of potatoes. An enterprising lady on our street, Mrs. Miller of Miller's Bakery, baked the largest *chaleh* we had ever seen and sent it to Buckingham Palace for Princess Margaret's birthday. Her picture appeared in all the newspapers. "For local distribution," she told reporters, "we also bake *knishes* and cater for weddings."

Janet Adam Smith's biography, highly praised in England, cannot be faulted elsewhere. It is clearly a labor of love, impressively researched. She succeeds in convincing us that Buchan, with all his prejudices, was a decent and honorable proconsul. The archetypal self-made gentleman, jolly good at many things, embarrassingly excellent at none. He is survived by such as Harold Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, which is another way of saying, if one may lapse briefly into contemporary British parlance, he is not a trendy.

Yet Another Interview With B. Bonnet

L. L. Case

(An interview with Beauregard Bonnet, author of *In Cold Weather*, the much discussed fur trappers' handbook, which many critics have hailed as a brilliant new departure in creative writing: A novel, in this case an arctic romance, cast here in the form of a nonfiction reference book, a compendium of statistical tables, charts and graphs.)

Mr. Bonnet, most reviewers have been surprised by your switching to a fictional theme, considering that your reputation has been based almost exclusively on your celebrated actuarial tables published by the Scylla and Charybdis Life Insurance Company in the forties. It must have taken a lot of soul searching before you decided to venture into fiction.

It certainly did. And I must say I didn't get much encouragement. When I first formed my theories of fiction as nonfiction my friends were unsympathetic. They felt that what I proposed—a tabular form that employed the most modern techniques of statistical method but was at the same time compellingly fictional — was nothing more than a mathematical solution for tired statisticians suffering from lack of data. I felt, I must say, that it was they who lacked data!

My theory, you see, is that you can take *any* fictional theme and make it into fiction as nonfiction. I don't mean by that, of course, that just faking some charts to prove a political point would qualify; it's an interesting genre, to be sure, but *impure*, without either the poetic altitude of fiction or the artistic integrity of a good bell-shaped distribution. I've been quoted, incidentally, as saying that fiction is now more factual than nonfiction. That's *not* what I said. I simply feel that fiction has been neglected, and that it has great relevance to 20th-century data processing.

Some critics have charged that fiction-nonfiction isn't really new.

Oh, sure. Usually they bring up *Moby-Dick*. But they're wrong, of course. Everybody knows that *Moby-Dick* was a treatise on whaling, but some of these people have been trying for years to prove that Melville really wanted to make a novel out of it. I don't believe it for a minute. He wrote this perfectly good whaling book and made it *sound* like a novel. Quite the other way around, and old hat, really. And it's just as useless for a writer whose talent is essentially fictional to attempt fiction-nonfiction, because it simply won't work. Do you follow me? A factual orientation is fundamental. I hate to sound querulous or arrogant about this, but I truly don't believe anything like what I have done exists in the history of fiction.

Getting back to your book, I think everyone agrees the climax was breath-taking. I'd like to know how you managed to resolve it.

You're referring, I know, to Graph 34, but I don't think of it as the climax. If you go back to Tables 14 and 15, you'll see that the intersection of the two principal curves was inevitable, given the situation set forth in Chart 33. The optimum conditions for Jane's survival were clear, even though the only variables explicitly compared in Table 14 were temperature and length of exposure. The style of parka she wore, her blood count, her hair length, her socio-economic background, her hygiene-aptitude scores, and the various other factors were what we call self-canceling. And ditto for Dick, from Table 15. Graph 34 merely carried through from Chart 33, by extrapolation; their two curves, though parabolic, were not parallel. Intersection was both possible and necessary. So Dick and Jane not only survived, but got together at the end, even though they lost their dog Spot. Sorry about that, of course.

Anyway, I'm glad you liked it. I was emotionally exhausted for weeks after I finished. But at least I'm certain that I brought it off perfectly. The book will be a classic.

A few people—I'd rather not mention names—have implied you've made a good thing out of your book financially. Any comment?

Well, why not? I went way out on a limb and risked six years of my life not to get rich but to invent a serious new art form for posterity. Besides,

L. L. Case's satires have appeared in The New Yorker *and the New York* Herald Tribune.

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what if I make a million dollars or so, what's so great about that? Anyway, a boy has to hustle.

I couldn't agree with you more. Tell me, is it true that you never used a computer?

Yes, it is. I've always felt that a computer is incapable of the sophisticated nuance I require; besides, the flashing lights give me a headache. Even an old-fashioned calculating machine artificializes, you might say, the atmosphere of a statistical application to a novelistic problem. So I began, twelve years ago, to train myself to use an abacus. It took me a year and a half of daily practice to achieve perfect accuracy. And I'm terribly, terribly clever about that. When the abacus told me something a little bit wobbly, the beads slid from right to left, so I'd go over that part again. I'm an algebraic Paganini. I knew then, you see, that I was going to initiate a new art form, and I wanted to make sure it got off to a good start.

Are you planning another novel in this genre?

I'm thinking about it. Geodetic Press was rather pleased with the success of *In Cold Weather*, you know, and they're after me to do another. What I have in mind—this is only exploratory, understand—is a study of beach erosion in the West Indies. My working title is *Shifting Sands*, and the protagonist behind the charts will be a kind of modern Robinson Crusoe. I may make him a writer who is fed up with bestsellers, movie rights and book-promotion gimmicks, who loses himself on an island where there is no television and no interviewing. Everything is fine for a while, but what he *doesn't* know is that the beach-erosion rate on this particular island is increasing *geometrically*, and soon, well, you can see what I'm leading up to. I've already roughed out some marvelous charts!

I'll have my slide rule ready for it, Mr. Bonnet, and many thanks.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOTES

Some weeks have passed since I felt impelled to say anything at length about the new plays on or off Broadway. A play must possess a certain degree of *merit* for me to take the pains to denounce it. One of the vices of our theatre as well as of our criticism which exercises a malignant effect on our audiences is the practice of discussing shows in superlatives of praise or rejection. Is it worth anyone's trouble to expatiate on the inedibility of a rotten egg?

I am reminded of a critic who said in depreciation of a well-known and generally respected dramatist that he had a "second-rate mind." A second-rate mind is a *very* good mind if one begins to think of those one might cite as first rate: Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza. In what rank does Ibsen belong if we compare him to Aeschylus or Shakespeare; where does Pirandello stand in relation to Sophocles or Dante? And if Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Sophocles or Dante are "placed" higher than the others, does it signify that Ibsen or Pirandello is thereby nullified and cannot add to our understanding and pleasure?

The silly rating of artists by categories which are extremely vague and not really helpful to anything except perhaps to the critics' self-esteem must be decried. We are a hasty and lazy lot, we theatre critics, and we indulge our egos to the detriment of craftsmen and artists who in most respects are our superiors. This does not matter much except that our readers' minds are frequently softened in proportion to the stiffening of our critical snobbery.

I can be severe with *Marat/Sade* because it interested me in many ways. A play like *Cactus Flower* by Abe Burrows out of a successful French ("Boulevard") comedy does not exasperate or bore me (Royale Theatre). I liked looking at Brenda Vaccaro. I thought the others (Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson and the rest) pleasantly proficient, and like most of the audience I found numerous occasions for laughter. It's a "good show." But I have seen its equivalent many, many times all over the world, and beyond taking note of its commercial smile I see no value in further critical examination of it.

The Mad Show (at The New Theatre, 154 East 54 Street) is called a musical revue based on *Mad* magazine—a publication that has hitherto escaped my attention though it may be widely read. It is a very fast show: a series of high-voltage blackouts. Most of them are marked by joshing rather than satire of television—offensive to no one. One gasps at the pace, guffaws at the snappy punch lines, and appreciates one's own hipness as it reflects that of the entertainment. The company's four participants (particularly Linda Lavin in *The Boy From*—which is musically the best of Mary Rodgers' numbers) all work hard and well. Lyrics are by Marshall Barer, Larry Siegel and Steven Vinaver, and "Alfred E. Neuman's" biff-bang-thank-you-ma'am direction achieves its purpose. I had a brisk good time, but now some weeks since I attended the spree I can barely remember any of the things which amused me during the evening.

There is more substantial fun in the two one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward at the St. Marks Playhouse (133 Second Avenue), the first of which is called *Happy Ending*, the second, *Day of Absence*.

Happy Ending is a comedy skit about the exploitation of a silly and wealthy white couple by a family of Negro servants. They relish fleecing their no-account victims and we are gratified by their malice.

More biting and more pertinent is *Day of Absence*. In this the all-Negro (but one) cast plays white folk in very jolly masks—a "reverse minstrel show." In a small Southern town, the author bids us suppose all the black inhabitants have disappeared for one day. The white citizenry cannot conduct any of its business. The well-born lady doesn't know how to feed or diaper her baby; no one is capable of cleaning, sewing, administering or brightening anything.

A batch of Southern types is introduced from the Mayor (played by the actor-author with considerable gusto) down to the Mop Man. All are characterized with hilarious caricatural skill. The play is somewhat too wordy, but provides us with a proper poke, even as it tickles. The direction by Philip Meister displays an ability to draw savage strokes of guying, so that the show exhilarates with a good swift kick in the seat of our conscience and risibilities.

What interests me most in Stanley Mann's two one-act plays which are being presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre, under the collective title *Rooms*, is the acting. The first of the two plays, *Better Luck*

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Next Time, is a gimmicky comedy with one memorably witty line—something better than a wisecrack—and a few incidental pleasantries. The second play, *A Walk in Dark Places*, is a dramatization of a clinical case history involving hysteria, homosexuality, rape, drugs, madness and sundry psychic bumps from the trivial to the criminal. All this is projected as an alienist's office investigation resembling a trial scene.

None of the acting is "great": how often must it be said that great acting is almost more exceptional than great plays and that it benefits nobody to discover "greatness" in every effective performance. Shirley Knight, a handsome girl, alternates a comedy characterization of a lovable nitwit in the first piece, with the portrayal of a pathological young woman in the second. (George Keathley's direction in the comedy is too scrupulously exact or studied to establish the ease needed to relax the actress and the audience sufficiently for full enjoyment.) As far as the scheme of the play allows, Miss Knight's enactment of the sick girl is arrestingly graphic in its painful tensions.

Irene Dailey plays a professional divorce co-respondent with fine assurance and crisp intelligence in the first play, and brings an honest command based on emotional and technical maturity to the second—the coordination of personal experience or content with the calm of craftsmanship.

These performances (in addition to those of James Broderick in both plays) made me aware once again how versatile a company of young American actors might prove, how much they might offer us if there were really permanent companies in true repertory theatres around the country. The significant feature about the performances in *Rooms* is that, though they are not extraordinary in the sense of "genius" or breath-taking "inspiration," they are the kind we might frequently witness if actors were more often given the opportunity to play such contrasting roles as the actors do here.

In this regard I recalled with some melancholy that Irene Dailey, who made her New York stage debut in a bit part in Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Cafe* in 1946, was never again seen in New York till she appeared in *The Subject Was Roses* in 1964.

Shall I remind my readers that there are other forms of theatre to be enjoyed besides those up- or downtown, on the main stem or in the byways of the city? There is, for one thing, the Dance. With the American Ballet at the New York State Theatre branch of the Lincoln Center festivities, one may admire the Broadway brilliance of Jerome Robbins' version of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*—a theatrical masterpiece. I use the qualification "Broadway" in this instance not as a pejorative but as a descriptive term. For though Stravinsky's score is eminently Russian (as well as "cosmopolitan"), and the original interpretation I saw at its world première in Paris many years ago confined itself to a stark black and white and the curious stiffness of a pristine religiosity, there can be no question that Robbins' variations and concatenations of a peculiarly American energy, with its hectic precision and feverish challenge of invention, serve Stravinsky in a marvelously original manner, adding new notes to the vocabulary of the dance theatre.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos*. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert Von Karajan, cond. (Nos. 1-6); with Suites Nos. 2 and 3. DGG 1(3)8 976/78.

Concentus Musicus, Vienna; Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. (Nos. 2, 5, 6) Telefunken (S)AWT 9460-A Ex.

Marlboro Festival Orchestra; Pablo Casals, cond. Columbia M2L 331/ M2S 731.

Bach, evidently, can be misinterpreted in an inexhaustible variety of ways, of which three are given definitive representations on these *Brandenburg Concerto* recordings. Von Karajan, at his usual loss when confronted by music whose structural issues cannot be dodged behind sheer sound or propulsion, takes his usual course of substituting broad "interpretative" conceits for any real consideration of the compositional ideas at hand—not really that complex in the *Brandenburgs*, after all. Here the notion is to "characterize" each movement by imposing a single articulative approach on every event; thus every attack within a given movement is either completely detached or completely slurred. Whatever doubts remain are drowned in official symphony-orchestra sound. The latter, at least, provides some peripheral laughs: the booming reentry of the overkill string tutti after the (competently played) tiny-voiced harpsichord cadenza in the first movement of No. 5 has a grotesque pathos; the slow movement of No. 1 seems to have been performed under the curious illusion that it was the *Tristan* prelude; and the slowly unfolding sonorities of the first movement of No. 6 could, with a simple tonal transposition, be played at Bayreuth before the curtain to *Das Rheingold* without arousing anyone's suspicions. The orchestra, soloists and recording engineers add no further complications beyond the rather badly out-of-tune horn playing in some of the First Concerto, especially the third movement.

The performances by the Concentus Musicus of Vienna, on the other hand, are models of misplaced historicity, careful in their use of all the "authentic" instruments and ensemble dimensions, with no equivalent concern for the resultant balances, or for any particular weighting of accents, dynamics or phrases. Thus, although the performers all play within the same time span, and with respectable accuracy, they don't seem to be playing together in any musically significant sense; the effect in Bach's tightly interlocking textures is almost comical at times. What emerges may indeed be "the sound Bach heard"— his well-known views on the competence of contemporary performers gives some substance to this claim — but it is certainly not the music he composed; the neutral Baroquery of the Collegium Musicum is no nearer to Bach than is Von Karajan's Venusberg.

The Casals album is still another matter, for it represents far more a cruel and cynical exploitation of the eccentricities of an old man, whose name is still prestigious and salable,

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than any serious offering of a performance of the *Brandenburg Concertos*. The resultant exhibition is painful; madly fast or erratically fluctuating tempos, screaming accents, sudden spurtings out of inner-part fragments and equally sudden fade-in-*fade-out volume changes, as if some*one were randomly turning volume controls for each part independently, as well as for the entire ensemble. In this context, Rudolf Serkin's sober (piano) playing of the harpsichord cadenzas in No. 5, and, in general, the exemplary precision with which all of Casals' instructions are carried out by the Marlboro performers, thus projecting every oddity with brilliant clarity, only make the experience all the weirder.

BACH: *Hohe Messe* (Mass in B-minor). Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Netherlands Bach Society; Anthon van der Horst, cond. Telefunken (S)AWT 9416/18.

A performance in the good, clear Netherlands choral tradition, textually faithful and utterly straightforward, which again results in the transformation of the intensely special language of Bach's ideas into the common formulas of his Baroque predecessors. Even more than the Concentus Musicus recording of the *Brandenburgs*, this represents a highly professional execution of an essentially amateur conception; such, evidently, is the increasingly inescapable fate of works of great internal profundity and complexity that are superficially easy to perform, but it seems an inappropriate subject for a recording project.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas: in B-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); in A-flat, Op. 110. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3900/BC 1300.

If Charles Rosen is not the most remarkable living pianist, there must be other criteria for that distinction than the capacity to play the Hammerklavier at the tempo and with the sonority and control that one had always assumed were reserved for the "ideal piano" obviously conceived by Beethoven—to be heard only mentally during a reading of the score or by inference from the best possible, necessarily imperfect performance. Rosen's capacity to project both the long-range pitch and rhythmic structure (especially the way pitches in the same register connect as linear and durational profiles even when separated by long time spans) is truly sensational. In the outer movements, this is accomplished by taking tempos fast enough to give unitary coherence to large-scale events; and within these astonishingly concentrated time spans, every detail is not only clearly articulated but sonically and accentually weighted so that its precise relational meaning is clear. In the slow movement, this same precision of weighting, particularly in sonority and volume, sustains the coherence of succession over remarkably long and slowly unfolding passages. And the transition among the tempos, textures and sonorities of the Adagio and those of the Fugue, achieved as a wholly continuous succession, is perhaps the most impressive moment of all. Throughout, one has the sense that Rosen is aware of all the events taking place in the length and breadth of the work's texture, not just those at the registral extremes or immediately adjacent to one another; it is this quality, above all, that seems to give his performance its wonderfully complex intelligibility.

BEETHOVEN: The Rasumovsky Quartets (Opus 59, Nos. 1-3); Quartet, Op. 74 ("Harp"). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6052/BSC 152.

The Juilliard's performances are characteristically purposeful, with a tensile alertness to every nuance and detail that produces precisely the right framework for the projection of Beethoven's string-quartet ideas. Their realization of the extended dynamic, accentual and registral ranges of the works (perhaps facilitated in Bartók-Schoenbergian retrospect) is probably equaled by no other existing group; the explosive openings of Op. 59, Nos. 2 and 3, of the Allegro of Op. 74, and the less obvious accented single cello note beginning the second movement of Op. 59, No. 2, for example, depend entirely for their identity as immediate signals of formal concentration on the instantaneously full-valued attack that the Juilliard Quartet uniquely achieves. And the final fugue of Op. 59, No. 3, is played nearer to the blinding speed required by Beethoven's metronome marking (as well as by the counterpoint of time levels essential to the entire structure) and with more precision in the machine-gun articulation of every figurational attack than any performance I have heard since the recording (on the Bartók label) by the old New Music String Quartet. But all this only makes one wish, even more, that the Juilliard Quartet would at last match its articulative capacities with an equivalent care for ensemble accuracy, intonation and sonority.

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